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Enchanting Romance of King Arthur's Court

Told by John Erskine On Next Page

Geraint and Enid

Painting by Willy Pogany

FAITHFUL ENID'S REWARD

Under the Supervision of Queen Guinevere Another Dress Was Made Ready for Her Friend, Enid.

By John Erskine

WHEN Geraint, wounded though he was, sprang from the oak settle in Earl Doorm's hall and killed the ruffian who had struck Enid in the face, the quest was ended in a double sense; with the death of Doorm the last danger was removed, and the last distrust of Enid was swept away.

The frightened followers of Doorm, scrambling to get out of the hall, left these two alone, and Geraint used the privacy to make amends for his unjust suspicions.

"I have used you worse than this dead man," he said. "But what we have suffered has made me three times more your lover than I was. From this moment I will die rather than doubt you."

Whether Enid could have said something to him, we are not told. Practical as ever, she reminded him that he had slain the Earl of Doorm, and the brigands who had left the hall in fright might recover their wits and return for revenge.

"Your charger stands outside at the door. My palfrey has disappeared."

"Then you ride behind me!"

In a moment he had climbed to the saddle, and Enid, reaching up her hand for help, set her foot in the stirrup and climbed up behind him. He turned his face to kiss her. Then she clasped her hands around him and they rode away.

The story proper ends with this lovely picture, often referred to or quoted by poetry lovers. But Tennyson is quite aware of the questions he has suggested to the reader, and the most important of them he does what he can to answer.

In the Welsh version Geraint's father called him from his honeymoon with Enid at Arthur's Court.

The country was overrun with ruffians, and Erbin, the father, asked his son to come home and establish order in the land. Though Tennyson makes use of this incident, the excuse which Geraint gives for leaving the Court is that villains of many kinds are over-running his minor kingdom in Devon.

This disorderly condition of the country is explained by the fact that Arthur and Launcelot, the two invincible friends, have not yet completed their mission to set up the good government of the Round Table.

Tennyson wants us to understand that, if Launcelot had not fallen in love with Guinevere, his task as Arthur's greatest knight would have been fulfilled; and if Geraint had not withdrawn from his larger duties to pass his time in the delight of Enid's company, such villains as Doorm and Limours would have been stopped before they became strong.

But why did not Arthur, the supreme leader, attend to such fellows as Limours and Doorm? Why did he depend on young boys like Geraint to do his work for him? Why did he depend even on Launcelot?

Tennyson meets these questions squarely, and though his method of dealing with them provides the main story with a rather long and disproportioned appendix or commentary, the concluding passages are the heart of the story and contain many of his noblest lines.

Geraint and Enid had hardly reached the entrance of Earl Doorm's castle when they saw in the gateway a mounted man dressed and armed like one of Arthur's Round Table.

He set his spear and spurred his horse to attack Geraint, but Enid, fearful that the unhealed wound might bleed again, cried to him not to slay a man all but dead. At once the strange knight lowered his lance and called Enid by name.

He was Edyrn, the so-called Sparrow-Hawk, the nephew of her father Yniol. It was from Edryn that Geraint had freed her and her father.

The information that the strange knight was Edryn did not at first reassure Enid; she was afraid the Sparrow-Hawk was now come for his revenge when Geraint was at his weakest. But Edryn explained that the defeat which Geraint administered had made him a changed man.

Now he was one of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. He had come looking for Earl Doorm. If he came alone it was because of his eagerness. Arthur himself and the other great warriors followed close behind. They wished to sit in judgment on Doorm in his own house.

When Geraint began to explain why Doorm could not be hailed into a mortal court, Edyrn urged him to ride hard and tell Arthur the story directly. But to save Geraint the effort of even a short journey, Arthur and his Court looked him up, and in what is perhaps the wisest passage in the poem, Arthur confessed deep regret that in inexperience and overconfidence he had permitted other men to do his work for him.

When Geraint said he must go home to defend his land, King Arthur's conscience was pricked, as he now confesses, because he had looked at his realm through the eyes of others, and had done his work through their hands and not his own. Since then he had been riding on his own quests, nearer and nearer on Geraint's trail.

After all this speech-making, Geraint is permitted to retire to the pavilion or tent provided for him and Enid. There Arthur's own leech attends him, and in a short time his health is restored.

Then Geraint and Enid rode again with Arthur to his Court at Caerleon upon Usk, and Queen Guinevere embraced her friend Enid and gave her another dress, dazzling with jewels. And when Geraint was ready to return, fifty knights were his escort as far as the shores of Severn.

Illustrated by R. F. SCHABELITZ

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 women can have lovelier skin in 14 DAYS!

I ACTUALLY DREAD THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS, NAN! MY COMPLEXION'S SO OILY AND COARSE-LOOKING IT ALWAYS SPOILS MY FUN!
BUT BETTY—THERE'S STILL TIME TO TRY THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN!
IT WORKED FOR ME—AND MY SKIN WAS JUST AS DINGY AS YOURS! REMEMBER, 36 DOCTORS...LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS...TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!
BETTY TRIES THE PLAN!
WHY, THE PLAN IS QUICK AND EASY AS A-B-C!
A. WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
B. THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
C. DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!
14 DAYS LATER—

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

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Smoother, Younger looking.....
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Fewer Tiny Blemishes—
Less Incipient Blackheads.....
Fresher.....
Brighter, Clearer Color.....

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P.S. For Tub *For Shower* *Get the NEW Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!*

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

NEW Colgate-Palmolive-Peet SUDS cleans cleaner, faster... is milder than soap!
MarVELous for DISHES · STOCKINGS LINGERIE · WOOLENS!
Instant SUDS in hardest, coldest water!
VEL
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JUST wash and rinse . . . your dishes and glassware will dry sparkling clear *without wiping!* Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. This amazing Colgate-Palmolive-Peet suds removes grease from pots and pans faster and more completely than soap . . . and leaves no dishpan ring! *There's absolutely nothing else like Vel on the market!* Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time.

Milder to Hands

than any product made for dishes or fine fabrics!

Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory (name furnished on request) prove that Vel is milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.

*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

The Radio Comedian Still Loves His Wife and Child, but a Split Seemed to Be the Only Solution

FUNNY *Milton Berle's* SAD MARRIAGE

By Warren Hall

MILTON BERLE, the radio and night-club comic, has 900,000 jokes catalogued in the filing cabinets that rim the New York cubbyhole he uses for an office. If you were to drop in and ask him how his matrimonial affairs were progressing, he could riffle through the file under "Divorce" and come up—presto!—with this guffaw-grabber:

"I can't forget when I took my first step toward divorce. It was when I got married!"

Gags like that are considered so side-splitting when Berle gives them his own articulatory polish that he was able to earn a half million dollars (before taxes) in a recently-ended 46-week engagement in a Broadway night club. Like many top-notch comedians, however, he was monumentally unfunny to his wife.

Mrs. Berle, a dreamboat-type blonde whose stage (and maiden) name is Joyce Matthews, kissed her husband adieu the other day at a birthday party for their two-year-old adopted daughter and departed for Reno where she got a decree.

"I still love her," said Berle, playing it straight for once, "but what other solution is there when a man and woman just can't get along?"

Looking under the section of his file labeled "Marriage," he might have added, just for a laugh—

"Marriage is like a bathtub full of water. After a while it ain't so hot." Or:

"Marriage is like a cafeteria. A man grabs what he wants and pays for it later."

At that particular moment, however, Berle wasn't at his rib-tickling best. During the six years that he had been married to Joyce, he had made no secret of his infatuation, and his idolatry of baby Victoria was a byword among his friends.

As soon as she was able to toddle to the telephone, he always paused two or three times during his busiest days to phone his daughter and demand in an imperious voice:

"Come on, now, give Daddy a big loud kiss."

Little Victoria might have been mildly amused and anyone else within earshot was certainly convulsed when Daddy, without even reaching for his card index, responded with:

"That was a nice noisy one, honey. I haven't heard such a racket since grandpa caught his whiskers in the lawnmower."

Joyce said she was getting a divorce mainly because she wanted to return to the stage.

She is a daughter of James F. Matthews, once a boy wizard of Wall Street, who retired with a fortune at 32.

Joyce quit society to go to Hollywood, but her theatrical career was just getting started when she eloped, at 21, with Col. Gonzalo Gomez, 41-year-old son of a one-time Venezuelan President.

She left him ten days after their marriage in Las Vegas, Nevada, and divorced him in 1940. Her determination to rise to stage and film stardom got another setback when she met Berle, whose wooing, if based on some of those 900,000 scrip-teasers in his files, must have proceeded along these lines:

He: Give me a kiss.

She: No, I've got scruples.

He: I don't care; I've been vaccinated.

Or Joyce, if properly coached, might have described it thusly:

"He brought me a bag of jelly beans. Getting down on his knees, he said 'Darling, you can do something that will make me the happiest man in the world. (Appropriate pause) Don't eat all the black ones'."

Berle doesn't know why the marriage didn't last.

He swears he never repeated, in her presence, one of his favorites (No. 79 under "Cooking"):

"She's a great cook. She makes soup like my mother used to open."

He insists that he did not, after looking under "Christmas," come home at yuletide with the suggestion that they trim the tree with spaghetti so that when the current was turned on, the meatballs would light up.

For such aids to connubial merriment it may not even have been necessary to consult the files, since Berle, who started in show business at the age of 6 in his native New York City by winning $5 for an impersonation of Charlie Chaplin, maintains he has memorized 25,000 gags in the intervening 33 years.

Whenever Joyce felt even the slightest bit downcast, he could have cheered her by reciting, quick-like:

"As I turned to speak to Toscanini

"She stole the veal in my Scalipini."

When she sprayed her handkerchief with a dash of "April in Paris," he could have ad-libbed, right from memory, "It smells more like August in Coney Island," but he says he didn't, not once.

Nor did he remark, when she complained of not feeling well:

"No wonder; you look like you went to a blood bank and forgot to say when."

They then decided to part, in Joyce's own words, "the best of friends" and agreed to a property settlement and an equal division of the custody of little Victoria, for whose support Joyce was awarded $250 a week.

If Berle had been strictly up to par, and had taken the trouble to open his files to the proper category, his parting advice could have been:

"Don't tell the judge I complained about the way you made coffee, because those are weak grounds."

WHEN *Adoptions* GO WRONG

Famous Author Advises, "Don't Buy a Black Market Baby—You May Be Buying Heartbreak"

By Frances Lockridge

Author of "Adopting a Child"* and Co-Creator of "Mr. and Mrs. North."

IF ONE heartbroken couple could speak to each of the approximately 100,000 mothers and fathers in the United States who will adopt children this year they would utter one urgent cry of warning.

"Don't buy a black market baby," they would beg from the depths of their despair.

They would tell how they, knowing nothing about accredited adoption agencies, followed the advice of a friend and went to an unscrupulous maternity home where for the sum of $500 they bought a beautiful, blue-eyed girl just three weeks old.

The yearning for parenthood that had been denied them seemed to be fulfilled as they watched the little one sleeping in her crib; they were overjoyed when she was able to smile and coo; they didn't even mind when she howled in the middle of the night.

Then one day fear replaced joy. Their baby obviously was ill.

"Congenital heart disease," the doctor told them. "She hasn't a chance to live."

The black-marketing maternity home hadn't considered it part of the job to check the physical well-being of the babies sold. The foster parents had had no warning of the affliction with which their baby was born.

This tragedy would have been forestalled by a recognized adoption agency where every child is given a complete physical examination. Such agencies rarely place babies as young as three weeks, and then only if they have a thorough knowledge of the child and its background.

Little John was three years old when a court ruled that his mother was guilty of such complete neglect that he should be taken from her and placed in a foster home.

His undernourished body was weak; his spirit unfriendly. Although there was a gleam of intelligence in Johnny's big brown eyes he didn't respond to the psychologist's tests and was rated "dull normal."

Who would want to take such a little boy into their home? Nobody, the agency felt, at the moment. So John was sent to a boarding home where a competent "boarding mother" and a children's worker could gain his confidence and help him learn to behave like a normal little boy instead of being frightened and sullen.

As he played with the first toys he had ever known, John's mind, which seemed to have been frozen by his early neglect, began to thaw. Yet agency workers felt that only the security of a real home, and a father and mother who loved him, would help him to overcome his slowness.

A childless couple from a small community loved John from the moment they saw him and agreed to try to work out the problem of his dullness. If it was emotional and due to early neglect they would give him the affection to cure it.

By the time John was in grammar school he led his class; he graduated from college with honors; became a specialist in radar; entered the Navy; participated in the invasion of Normandy. His superior officer wrote to the adopted parents, "He's a remarkable and wonderful boy."

It wasn't five-year-old Stewart's good fortune to have such an understanding foster father and mother, so his case came near being a tragedy.

Everyone at the agency was impressed by the fine-looking, intelligent couple. They were well fixed financially and had excellent backgrounds.

They had permitted the investigation of the social worker who called at their home and had answered her numerous personal questions.

After weeks of waiting had grown into months—as frequently happens—the great day came. The prospective foster parents were invited to come to the agency.

Several small boys were playing in a group and the visitors' hearts warmed to a sturdy, solemn eyed child only to sink in disappointment when they learned he wasn't the one selected to be their son.

They argued and begged to have Stewart, though agency workers felt he never would live up to this exacting couple's expectations. But Stewart already had been turned down by several families because his report showed that he was a problem child.

He went home with the father and mother who wanted him so much. His days were turned into nightmares of practice at the piano, visits to museums and galleries and hours of looking at educational picture books when he wanted to be in the backyard batting a ball or scuffling with the neighbor's children.

When Stewart was 10 the ultimate disgrace descended on him. He was sent home from school and told not to return. He couldn't face the foster parents who wanted him to be a young genius.

For five days the child slept in doorways and when the police found him he again became an unwanted child and was returned to the agency in spite of his legal adoption.

This boy's unhappy experience, and the bitter disappointment of his foster parents, points up the wisdom of respecting the advice of agency workers when their findings show that child and parents aren't suited to one another.

One of the snags that has caused much heartache among foster parents is their failure to understand that all adoptions are governed by state laws. No matter where the child is obtained only a court procedure can make him your own.

Some persons merely take risks without legal protection.

This was the case when a kind-hearted obstetrician took steps to help an unmarried mother who wouldn't even take one look at her baby but insisted that he be adopted right away without any nonsense about welfare or religious agencies.

A private adoption was arranged with a couple well-known to the doctor but the young mother never signed a formal legal surrender.

Then, only three months later, the natural mother decided she wanted to keep the baby she never had seen. A court upheld her.

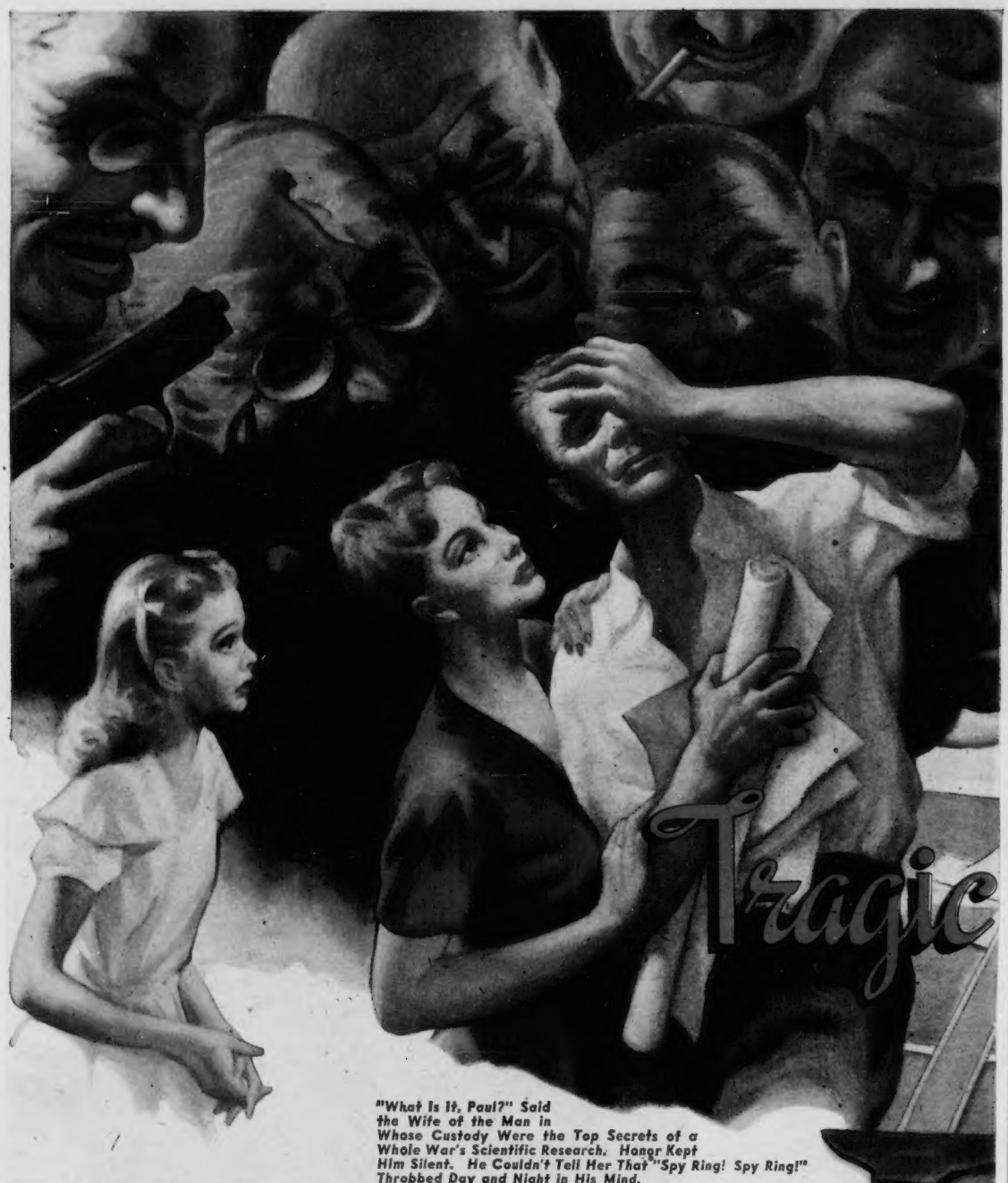
Similar disasters can be avoided.

Each of the 48 states has recognized adoption agencies and the first step, if you want to adopt a baby and do it wisely, should be to write directly to your State Department of Public Welfare for full information about them.

Illustrated by
RAFAEL DE SOTO

Fleeing His Foster Parents, the Boy Slept in Doorways. When the Police Caught Up With Him the Miserable Lad Again Became an Unwanted Child.

*Written in collaboration with Sophie Van S. Theis. Greenberg: Publisher.



Tragic

"What Is It, Paul?" Said the Wife of the Man in Whose Custody Were the Top Secrets of a Whole War's Scientific Research. Honor Kept Him Silent. He Couldn't Tell Her That "Spy Ring! Spy Ring!" Throbbed Day and Night in His Mind.

BRIGHT spring sunlight filtered through the elms above an old Georgian brick house in Washington, D. C. It warmed the burgeoning shrubbery and streaming through the windows of a child's bedroom, it picked out the quiet figures of a father, mother and little girl.

They lay where they had fallen, each shot through the head.

It was the forenoon of March 30, 1946. Authorities, forcing entry, now stood on the threshold of this sunlit room.

Paul P. Stoutenburgh, 44, brilliant physicist and master key man in government patent work involving secrets of the split atom, lay across the bed, a .25 calibre pistol near by. He wore a smoking jacket, pajama trousers and slippers. With a bullet wound in his right temple, he was dead.

Anna Stoutenburgh, 44, his wife, clad in a light satin housecoat, was face down on the floor near the door. A bullet had entered the back of her head. She was dead.

Mary Alice Stoutenburgh, their 12-year-old daughter, lay on the other side of the bed, wearing pajamas and seeming as if she were asleep. A bullet had pierced her right temple, and she was dying.

What, in that well-to-do residential corner of northwest Washington, had happened? Was the obvious conclusion—murder and suicide—the full answer? Why had the career of a genius—a man who from youth to middle age had been a master of figures and formulae—come to this almost incomprehensible end?

There has never been an answer, comprehensive, official and adequate.

Today, for the first time, the full import of the sunlit room of death can be told.

Paul Stoutenburgh, aging early at 44 but still alert, merry, completely composed, was the storm center of scientific research secrets of the world.

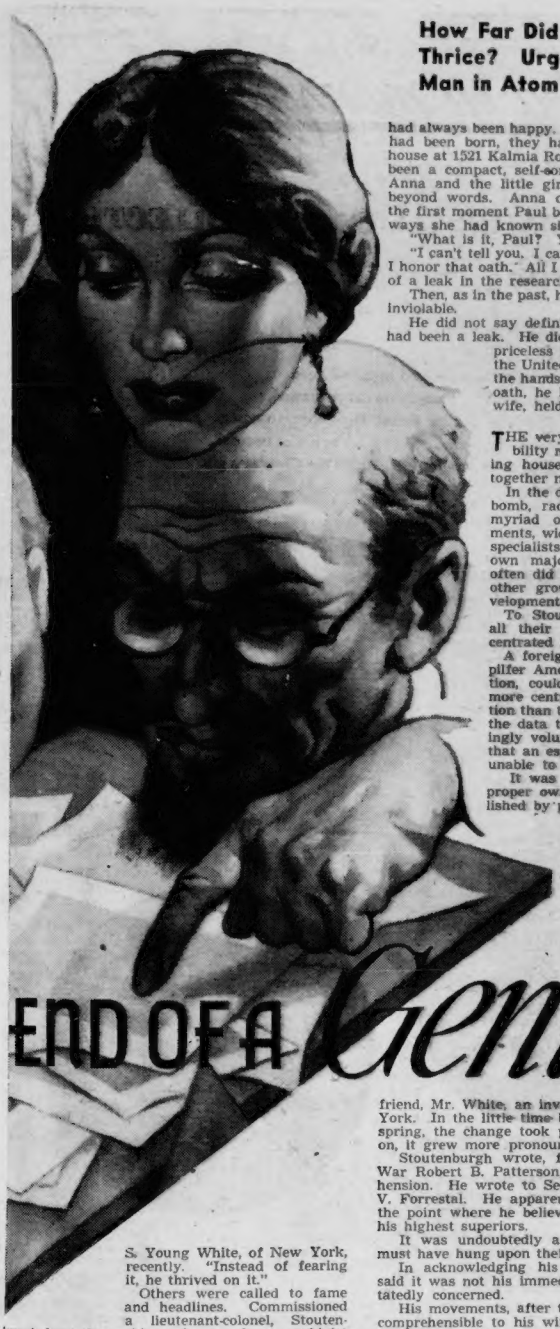
In the war years, before the morning when he was found dead on the bed of the child he adored, he had a government post unique in this country, demanding that every waking moment he serve the United States above and beyond the call of duty.

His routine duty was to put in long hours as head of an office upon which converged top secret documents, the concentrated revelations of the whole country's war—and peace—research.

Beyond that duty, from the moment he awoke until the time he slept, he had to cope with the knowledge that the powers of the earth—national and political—wanted the secrets within his grasp.

The responsibility was enormous. Because it was, Stoutenburgh, above others, had been chosen.

"I have never known a man to work so ably under pressure," said one of his scientific friends,



END OF A *Genius*

How Far Did Foreign Agents Go? Whose Hand Fired Pistol Thrice? Urgently the Questions Rise as Story of the Doomed Man in Atom Research, His Wife and Child Is Told for First Time

S. Young White, of New York, recently. "Instead of fearing it, he thrived on it."

Others were called to fame and headlines. Commissioned a lieutenant-colonel, Stoutenburgh kept the archives of research—an archivist with secrets beyond price in dollars or honor.

HE DID' as everyone who had known him thought he would do. He stood up, the complete master of a task that had no parallel in this country or in any other—until finally, with the war over, and a trusted civilian position open to him in New York, he entered a time of change.

Gradually, bit by bit, he began to reveal that he was frantically worried. He told his wife and he told his small daughter that he was afraid priceless scientific secrets might be leaking out from the whirlpool of his office.

Mrs. Stoutenburgh was the first to sense that for the first time in his life he was having to cope with a problem that baffled him. He who had always been imperturbable under stress seemed gradually to be losing all his old composure; he gave his wife the impression that he was struggling beyond his depth.

They had been married for 20 years and they had always been happy. For 12 years, since Mary had been born, they had lived in the big brick house at 1521 Kalmia Road, Northwest. They had been a compact, self-contained family—Paul and Anna and the little girl whom they both loved beyond words. Anna could not help discerning the first moment Paul began to veer off from the ways she had known since they were young.

"What is it, Paul? You can tell me."

"I can't tell you, I can't. I'm sworn to secrecy. I honor that oath." All I can say is that I'm afraid of a leak in the research data."

Then, as in the past, he held his oath of secrecy inviolable.

He did not say definitely that he knew there had been a leak. He did not say outrightly that priceless information belonging to the United States was moving into the hands of a foreign power. The oath, he kept on repeating to his wife, held him silent.

THE very nature of his responsibility made his office the clearing house of documents brought together nowhere else.

In the development of the atom bomb, radar, the bombsight, and myriad other scientific achievements, widely divergent groups of specialists worked. Each had its own major secret. One group often did not know details of another group's vastly complex developments.

To Stoutenburgh's office came all their secrets—packaged, concentrated for quick reading.

A foreign power, determined to pilfer American research information, could have moved upon no more central point of data collection than that office. Besides that, the data there was not confoundingly voluminous, not so complex that an espionage agent might be unable to realize its significance.

It was summarized so that its proper ownership might be established by patent in peacetime.

This was the information from which Stoutenburgh feared a leak.

As late as Christmas, 1945, he was still himself, as of old, calm and assured, when his friend, Mr. White, an inventor, met him in New York. In the little time between then and early spring, the change took place. As March came on, it grew more pronounced.

Stoutenburgh wrote, finally, to Secretary of War Robert B. Patterson, mentioning his apprehension. He wrote to Secretary of Navy James V. Forrestal. He apparently brought himself to the point where he believed he had to report to his highest superiors.

It was undoubtedly a wrench for him. He must have hung upon their answers.

In acknowledging his communications, they said it was not his immediate duty to be so agitatedly concerned.

His movements, after that, grew less and less comprehensible to his wife and little Mary.

What was the pressure on him? Did he fear a spy ring? Was he torn between two harrowing impulses—one the impulse to keep quiet and be safe, the other the impulse to spread abroad his knowledge as Igor Gouzenko did in Canada?

Gouzenko, in September, 1945, walked out of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa with more than 100 secret documents under his shirt; these were documents proving that his diplomatic colleagues were organizing a spy ring which included Canadian civil servants, scientists and even a member of Parliament. His evidence convicted 11 persons and sent them to prison.

Did Stoutenburgh, in his extremity of mental suffering in the spring of 1946, believe there was danger to be feared from a spy ring here?

Reality grew to be too much for him. Once, in a sudden, brief rejection of it, he turned his back on the big Georgian house in Kalmia Road, he faced away from his headquarters in the patent division, Office of Scientific Research and Development. Going to an obscure tailoring shop, he asked for a job pressing clothing.

Anna, her alarms deepening, gave up her position with the American Security and Trust Co., to stay home and care for her husband.

Another time, rejecting reality, he tried to take his life with gas, and was saved only by the unexpected return of his family.

FINANCIAL worries couldn't have concerned him. He'd had offers of two government positions, each at the $9,200 maximum for his kind of work; several civilian concerns had sought his services; he had arranged to take one in New York.

"Spy ring! Spy ring!" There seems no doubt that this was what unremittingly ran through his mind. It was in his mind, probably, on Friday, March 29, when Jean Greeves, daughter of Dr. James J. Greeves, telephoned little Mary and made a skating appointment for the next morning. Jean and Mary were cousins: Mrs. Greeves and Mrs. Stoutenburgh were sisters.

"Spy ring! Spy ring!" It throbbed in his mind through that day, and at night, and again, in the morning. At least, investigators think so, now. But how that can account for what happened then, they can not say, for the next morning was Saturday, March 30, the day of the tragedy.

Jean Greeves wondered why Mary did not keep the skating date, and later told her mother. They could not understand it. Mary had been known through all of Cathedral School as a little girl who could be depended on.

Sunday passed with no word from the Stoutenburghs, and on Monday morning Mrs. Greeves tried several times to telephone to them. Each time there was no answer. She became alarmed, and Dr. Greeves, with a friend, Byron Stanner, went to the big brick house in Kalmia Road.

The Stoutenburgh car was in the garage. On the front porch, the Saturday evening and Sunday papers lay where a delivery boy had left them. The doors were locked.

Dr. Greeves called the police. They forced entry through a window, saw that everything appeared undisturbed downstairs—Saturday morning's papers had been brought inside—and then they went upstairs, eventually to Mary's room.

At the threshold, they stood transfixed.

What, exactly, had happened they could not say then, and since no outsider had been in the room at the time of the tragedy, the authorities and other investigators could not say later.

How could Paul Stoutenburgh, with everything to live for, have done this? If he had not done it, who or what had wanted his voice, and his whole family's voices, stilled forever? They could do no more than speculate. Sometimes their speculation led to a reconstruction of the crime, and the one which they favored most set forth the events of that Saturday morning as follows:

Paul—they speculated—arose that morning, slipped on a smoking jacket, and dropped the .25 calibre pistol into a pocket. Anna Stoutenburgh, donning a house dress, went downstairs. Mary, still in pajamas, remained in her room, sleeping late, since there was no school that day.

Before Mary was up, her father was moving along the familiar hallway toward her door.

He was moving deliberately—they speculated—with a single purpose. He may have been steeling himself with the thought of the necessity that weighed upon him. "I'd better start with my darling. I'd better start with Mary." Every ounce of his strength must have been given to the gentle push with which he opened that door.

INSIDE—they speculated—he looked upon the small face he loved so much and in some manner beyond ordinary comprehension, he lifted that pistol and took aim. The bullet entered cleanly through the temple.

The sound of the shot, or perhaps a premonition, as the scene was reconstructed, brought Anna Stoutenburgh. Mary (who died seven days later) lay on the far side of the bed. Paul stood beside her with the gun. Anna must have turned sharply, for Paul's bullet struck her, mortally, in the back of the head.

After that, some investigators think, there was not much left to be done. Paul, they thought, did not hesitate. Anna dead, Mary dying, he put the gun muzzle to his own right temple.

But no one saw him do it. No witness to those last moments of a family has been found. Did Paul fear a leak had already been effected? Did he believe he foresaw one in the making? Did he think his knowledge placed Anna and Mary and himself in peril?

One more possibility: Had they, the family, actually been in peril for some time? Were they caught in a merciless maze of espionage agents' intrigue? Was it finally an alien hand that was lifted against them and a diabolically clever alien plot that took their lives?

The questions will not be silenced. They recur again and again. They leave open the mystery of what happened—and why—in Mary's room.

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

A New Idea in men's jewelry

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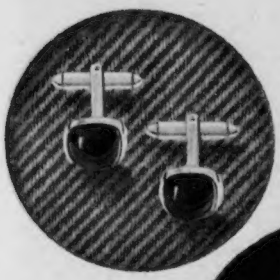

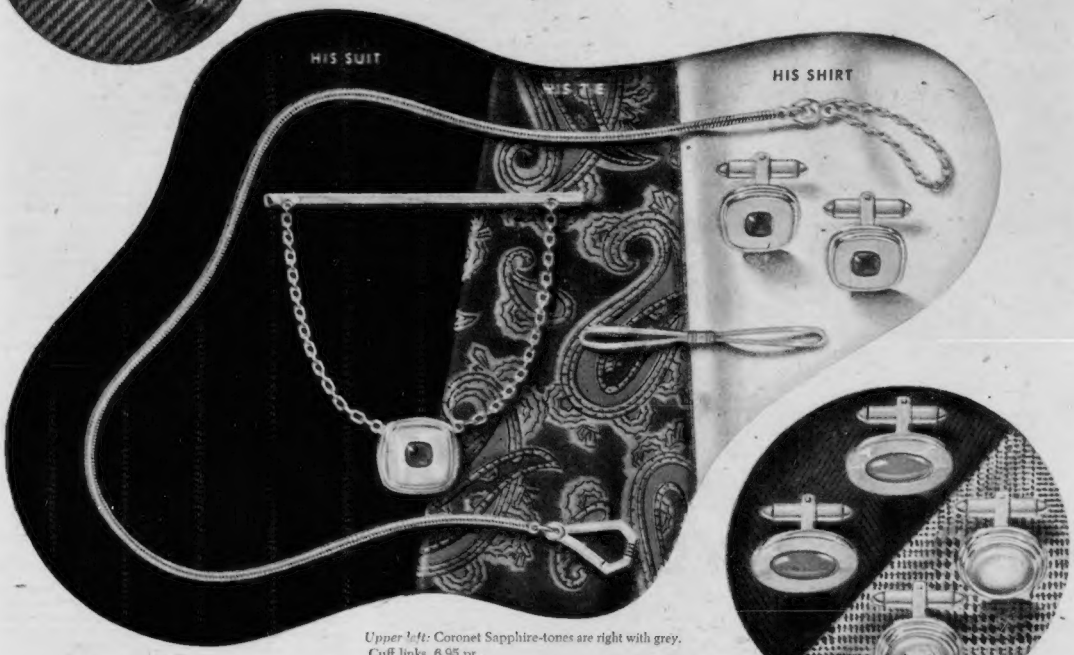

Upper left: Coronet Sapphire-tones are right with grey. Cuff links, 6.95 pr.

Pictured above: Coronet Garnet-tone jewelry is fine with blue or brown. Cuff links, 7.50 pr. . . . Tie chain, 4.50 . . . Collar clip, 1.50 . . . Snake key chain, 7.95

Pictured right: Coronet Jade-tone jewelry goes well with brown. Opal-tone goes with tan. Cuff links, 7.95 pr.

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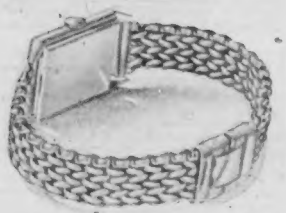

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AVAILABLE IN CANADA

By Jack Stone

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

The Bride Was Crushed When She Had to Pay the Best Man the $10 Her Husband Borrowed to Tip the Justice of the Peace.

to the Biddle Pride

IT IS hard to believe that any of the Philadelphia Biddles — famous for their illustrious family tradition and their freedom from financial want — could be so concerned over a $10 debt as to bring the matter up in court.

That is why, when Evelyn Moore Biddle Dike Chandler Latour, one of the famous clan, recently filed suit in New York Supreme Court against her husband, seeking to recover $13,740 — and placing great emphasis upon a particular $10 — the case attracted far more than ordinary attention.

The suit for the return of sums Mrs. Latour said she lent Mr. Latour over a period of a year and a half was an indignant echo of an earlier petition for annulment of their marriage. And the surprising $10 item is closely linked to that event.

Latour and the former Evelyn Moore Biddle were wed on August 2, 1945, at Thompson, Conn., by Justice of the Peace Arthur Wilkes. Latour was her third husband. The first was New York Supreme Court Justice Norman S. Dike, and the second Randolph Elsworth Chandler, both of lineage compatible with the Biddle standard.

Though she did not know it then, says Mrs. Latour, her union with Latour was the beginning of a bitter disillusionment. Her petition for annulment reads:

"My husband misrepresented that he was of a good, reputable, honorable and famous European family, that he was well-born, that his mother was of French descent and was of good family and well-born, that his real name was Alexandre de Baillet-Latour and that he was descended by blood from the great family of France and Belgium.

"He falsely represented that he had a substantial family inheritance and possessed a great fortune and a family chateau of international renown known as Chateau Latour.

"I relied upon these representations, which I discovered after the marriage to be wholly untrue. He knew them to be untrue because he was not well-born, he was not of a good and reputable and honorable and famous European family, but instead was born out of wedlock to one Maria Holtz, who was of German descent, and his real name was Adolph Holtz, thereafter becoming Adolph Latour when he was legitimatized by the marriage of Maria Holtz and Adolph Latour.

"My husband was not descended from, or related by blood or marriage to, the de Baillet-Latour family. He had no family inheritance or fortune and no chateau or any other property of any great value in Europe or elsewhere.

"By fraud he represented to me that he had sufficient money to support both himself and me. He deceived me. He failed and refused to provide a home for us. He concealed until after the marriage he did not have sufficient money to support us."

In addition, Mrs. Latour declared their marriage had never been consummated and, to make clear the disparity between her husband's background and her own, she said:

"I was born in Philadelphia, Pa., as Evelyn Biddle, of good family and of antecedents of reputable and distinguished American stock extending from Colonial times to date. I would not have married anyone not of good birth and standing."

The annulment petition was filed last May. Five months later, apparently after Mrs. Latour had ample time to simmer over the alleged injustice done the Biddle name, she supplemented her original petition with a suit for recovery of the $13,740 she claimed to have advanced Latour with the understanding he would pay it back.

That's where the $10 came in.

In a motion to examine Frank A. Decker, of Thompson, Conn., before trial, she said:

"The testimony of Frank A. Decker is material and necessary to me in my suit for the purpose of providing one of the items of damage claimed in my complaint. On the occasion of our marriage my husband borrowed the sum of $10 from Mr. Decker for the purpose of making payment to the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony.

"Thereafter Mr. Decker was repaid by me from my own funds, upon the understanding that the $10 would be paid back to me by my husband. My husband has already claimed that he personally repaid Mr. Decker from his personal funds without any contribution or advance by me. The testimony of Frank Decker concerning this transaction is most material to me in proof of my case."

Latour snorted at his wife's original annulment petition. He declared he had never represented himself as anything but a lawyer who is practising here, as he once did in Holland. He pointed out that his wife had three years to learn all about him before the marriage made her Mrs. Latour.

As for the financial suit, he entered a general denial. He says he owes her nothing and dismisses the Frank Decker episode with these few words:

"This motion involves a total amount of $10 out of a cause of action of over $12,000. It seems quite obvious on its face that the application is made to harass me and cause me additional expense."

The $10 item, probably, is significant because it was the second half of a double blow to the Biddle pride. To pay the fee for marrying a bona fide de Baillet-Latour might be bearable to a Biddle — but to be married to an allegedly spurious de Baillet-Latour and pay the fee, too, is far more than a Biddle should reasonably be expected to take.

Fearless Mrs. Second Gun

By Emile C. Schurmacher

ON THE bank of the Tena River in Kenya, East Africa, death in the form of a maddened bull elephant with enormous tusks bore swiftly down upon William K. Carpenter.

Standing beside him as he recklessly continued to operate his movie camera, Francis, his attractive wife, raised her rifle. She cast a quick anxious glance at her husband. Absorbed in his work Bill was making no effort to reach for his gun.

The elephant was a scant 50 yards from them when Francis pulled her trigger—once. The momentum of its charge carried the animal forward another yard. Then suddenly it toppled over dead.

Francis' swift, accurate shot saved Bill's life on that occasion. Just as her expert marksmanship did in other hair-raising emergencies during their recent six months big game collecting expedition in the African jungles for the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

Francis Carpenter, and she insists upon the masculine spelling of her name, looks more at home with a teacup than an elephant gun.

She is one of the most socially popular young matrons of exclusive Montchanin, on the outskirts of Wilmington, Delaware, where her husband, his brother and father have big estates.

Bill's father, Robert Carpenter, is a noted sportsman and big game hunter. He took his son to Alaska when Bill was 10 years old. At that tender age he shot his first bear.

When Bill came out of the Army a year and a half ago his restlessness came with him. Francis recognized the symptoms and quietly made a decision. She bought herself a rifle.

She had never had a gun in her hands before, but in the rolling meadows of Montchanin she taught herself to become a crack shot.

At first Bill was skeptical. He took her on a short trip to Montana and Wyoming for pronghorn antelope and moose, then on a tougher one into Mexico for desert sheep to see if she could take it. She could.

"I must have passed the tests successfully," she says. "Bill not only decided to take me on the African expedition but told me that I could handle second gun."

Second gun on one of Bill's expeditions means that he places his life in her hands.

"We collect both for scientific study purposes and for 'habitat groups.' That means that you can't fire promiscuously but must pick your specimens carefully," she explains.

"And when you've done all this and preserved your specimens for shipment back to the United States you've got to trek it all for hundreds, sometimes thousands, of miles through jungle."

With 15 native porters and three trucks on their recent expedition, the Carpenters trekked thousands of miles through Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika, Northern and Southern Rhodesia.

In Northern Tanganyika, over towards snow-capped Mount Kilimanjaro Bill was collecting flora for an elephant group one day when a large and extremely truculent black rhino appeared on the scene. Without hesitation it shifted into high gear.

Francis who was helping her husband was the first to hear the thudding of the heavy hooves. She raced for her rifle some 10 yards away.

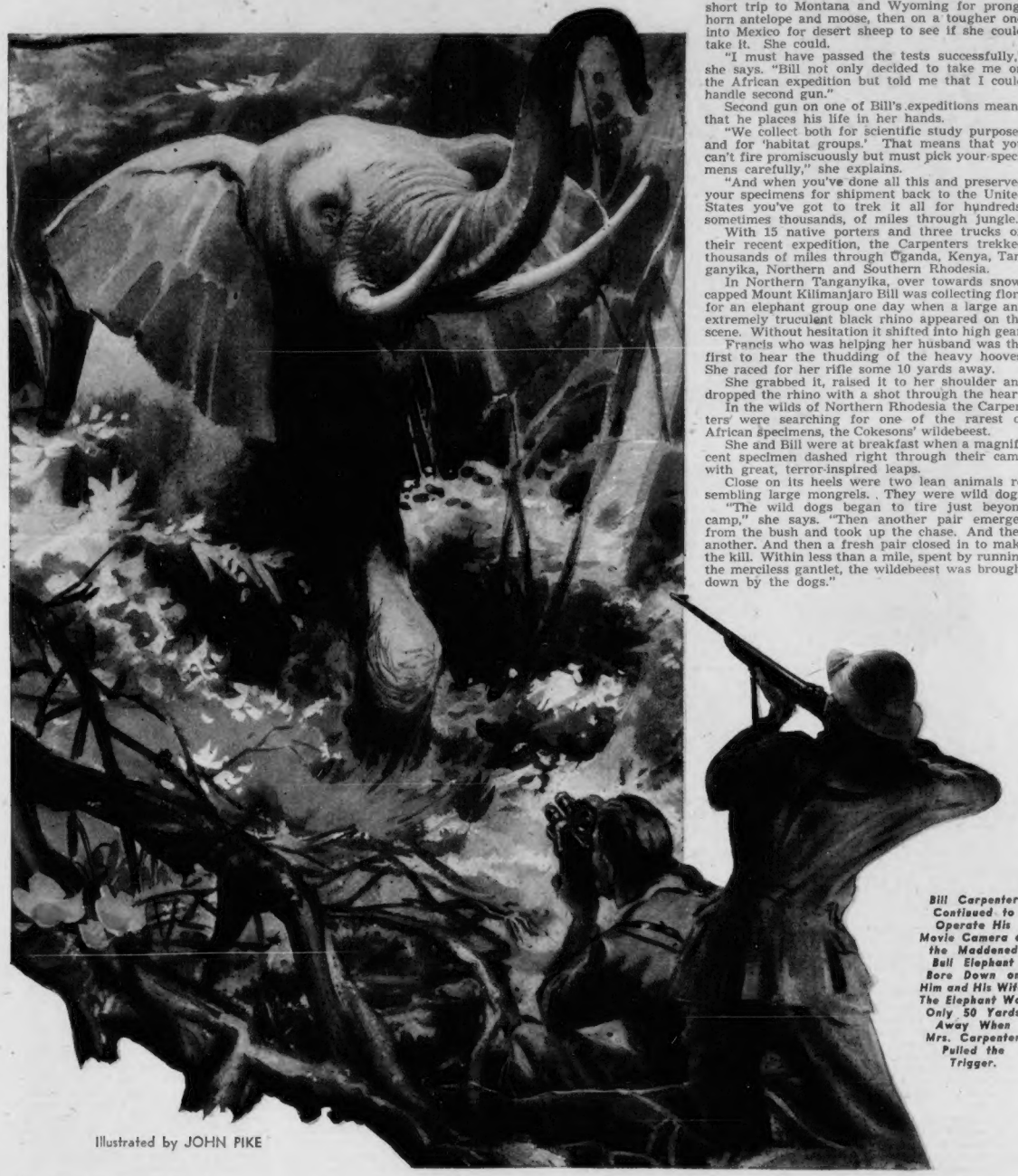
She grabbed it, raised it to her shoulder and dropped the rhino with a shot through the heart.

In the wilds of Northern Rhodesia the Carpenters were searching for one of the rarest of African specimens, the Cokesons' wildebeest.

She and Bill were at breakfast when a magnificent specimen dashed right through their camp with great, terror-inspired leaps.

Close on its heels were two lean animals resembling large mongrels. They were wild dogs.

"The wild dogs began to tire just beyond camp," she says. "Then another pair emerged from the bush and took up the chase. And then another. And then a fresh pair closed in to make the kill. Within less than a mile, spent by running the merciless gantlet, the wildebeest was brought down by the dogs."



Illustrated by JOHN PIKE

Bill Carpenter Continued to Operate His Movie Camera as the Maddened Bull Elephant Bore Down on Him and His Wife. The Elephant Was Only 50 Yards Away When Mrs. Carpenter Pulled the Trigger.

The Proper Foods Can Help Prevent Ravages of Chronic Heart

Diet for Heartache

By G. B. Lal

EVIDENCE from medical investigations is piling up that special diets, calculated to reduce overweight and to change the chemical conditions within the body, will play an important part in the new treatments of the diseases of the heart, blood vessels and blood pressure.

Recently, for example, patients suffering from high blood pressure and associated heart diseases, including the dreadful angina pectoris, were given a special diet by Drs. J. Marion Bryant and Elmira Blecha of the University of Michigan Medical School, Ann Arbor, Michigan, with some very encouraging and significant results.

There were 100 patients, not hospitalized, given the diet therapy for periods varying from several weeks to 12 months without interruption.

In the majority of these cases not only blood pressure was lowered but symptoms of heart ailments were also decreased. Among 35 patients who were markedly improved there were several who had not been benefited by extensive surgical operations, in which nerves are severed, for the relief of the high blood pressure disease.

Those who had suffered repeated and frequent attacks of angina pectoris, the heart malady in which painful heart attacks occur, were greatly benefited. The attacks were reduced in numbers and severity. Enlarged hearts were reduced. The heart action became better, and such symptoms of dropsy (in congestive heart "failure") as an accumulation of tissue fluids, in lungs and heart and legs were abated.

The Michigan diet is essentially similar to the diets employed by Dr. Irvine H. Page, research director of the Cleveland Clinic, and director of The American Foundation for High Blood Pressure (Cleveland), and by Dr. Arthur Grollman, of the Southwestern Medical College, Dallas, Tex., and other investigators.

Any such diet, in a sense, is a reducing diet. All authorities agree that overweight is definitely bad for ailments of the heart, arteries and blood pressure, a triangle of closely interlocked maladies. But also the special diet is low in salt, protein and cholesterol (ko-lester-ol). This latter substance is a waxy alcohol present in large amounts in eggs, milk, cream, animal fats and chocolate.

Two samples of menus for one day, employed by the Cleveland and the Dallas physicians, illustrate combinations of foodstuffs having low salt, low protein, low cholesterol.

One: Breakfast—orange juice, toast from salt-free bread, jelly, coffee with sugar. Luncheon—fruit juice, potato, salad of cucumber, tomato, lettuce, mayonnaise without salt, chocolate bread pudding. Dinner—freshly made tomato soup, roast lamb (no added salt), boiled rice, string beans, salad (as for luncheon), strawberries with milk.

Second: Morning—orange juice, grapefruit juice, one egg and one yolk of egg, oatmeal. Dialyzed milk (powdered milk from which salt is removed), coffee and sugar. Noon—meat patties, macaroni, tomatoes, lettuce, apples, grape juice, unsalted butter. Evening—chicken, peaches, grapes, apricots, lemon juice, sugar, unsalted butter.

The diets employed for the relief of cononary heart and high blood pressure diseases by the physicians of the University of Michigan, Southwestern Medical College (Dallas), and the Cleveland Clinic contain more protein (meat, egg, milk) and fat, and provide more of water and fruit juices, than the "rice diet" for high blood pressure used by Dr. Walter Kempner, of Duke University (Durham, N. C.) as was comprehensively published in The American Weekly of March 23, 1947.

Details of any of these diets are available only to physicians. The diet for coronary heart and high blood pressure diseases is a strictly medical treatment and should not be tried by anybody, except under the physician's care and control.

The total amount of common salt eaten in 24 hours, in any of these systems, is about one-15th to one-30th of a level teaspoonful of salt, "200 to 500 milligrams."

As Dr. Page explained, at a symposium of the American Medical Association, salt operates to retain tissue fluids which, in case of heart failure, indicates dropsy. Eating less salt and drinking water freely washes the salt out of the tissues. This helps in the relief of heart "failure," that is weakness.

Why protein and cholesterol, both necessary for life, are given in small amounts only in the heart diet therapy, is far more difficult to explain.

According to Dr. Page, so far there is no proof that eating those foods, which have large amounts of cholesterol, can lead to heart and blood vessel diseases in any normal man or woman. However, enough is known to make it prudent for those who already have high blood pressure and coronary heart diseases to eat limited amounts of foods rich in cholesterol.

When high blood pressure exists, if there is excessive cholesterol in the blood, some of it is likely to get deposited in the walls of the coronary arteries (which supply blood to the heart itself) and in other arteries. Thus, "arterioschlerosis" (ar-tere-o-skle-rosis), or hardening, scarring and thickening of arteries, occurs. Heart attacks mean that the coronary arteries fail to supply enough blood to the heart.

Angina pectoris (chest pain) attacks the narrowing of the coronary, is transient and pain passes away when more blood flows to the heart.

The attack may be precipitated by physical exertion and by emotional outbursts. Angina occurs, mostly, after 45 years. But in coronary thrombosis, a blood clot is formed in the scarred artery and obstructs the blood flow in the coronary vessel. A terrible, prolonged painful heart attack follows. Such attack killed O. Max Gardner, American Ambassador to Britain, as he was about to fly from New York to London. In the Army, a surprising number of men in the late 20s and early 30s were found afflicted with coronary heart diseases.

There is on record the case of a six-year-old child, whose heart gave way under high blood pressure disease, which resulted in death.

Medical science has to solve many riddles, through researches including study of dietary treatments, before the prevention and cure of high blood pressure, coronary heart diseases and hardening and degeneration of the arteries will be accomplished.

The control of these diseases will help everybody, and particularly enable talented and experienced persons to continue their work useful to society.

If Your Child Complains of Pains in the Side of His Chest While Playing, Consult Your Family Doctor at Once.

★ ★ Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX ★ ★

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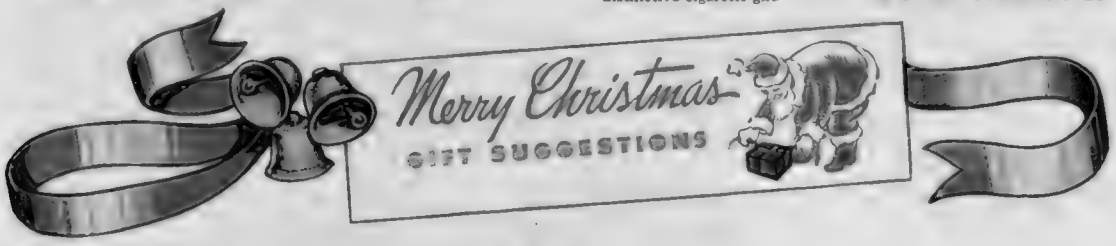

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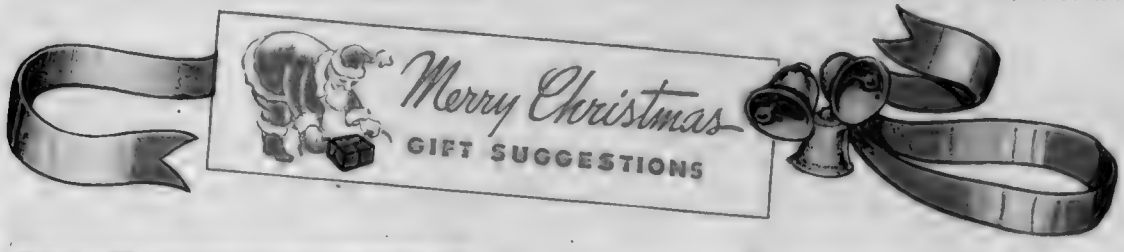

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The SWEETEST STORY Ever Told

A Chance Remark Created One of the Greatest Hits in Popular Music — And Brought Its Authors a Lifetime of Security

When His Wife Laid Down the Novel She Was Reading, She Sighed, "That's the Sweetest Story Ever!" "No, Dear," He Said, "You Are the Sweetest Story Ever." And Thus Was Born a Great Song.

Illustrated by ISABEL DAWSON

By Booton Herndon

THE slender young man sat at his piano and ran his fingers through his hair. He played a few notes, and again he gave up in disgust. This was his big chance to write a hit, and the idea just wouldn't come.

In the other corner of the room, his pretty young wife turned the last page of the novel she was reading by gaslight, sighed, and laid it down.

"Well," she said. "That's the sweetest story ever!"

Her husband looked at her with a smile. "No, dear," he said. "You are the sweetest story ever . . ." Suddenly he snapped his fingers. "Told!" he cried. "The Sweetest Story Ever Told! That's my song!"

That's how, 55 years ago, a quiet, unassuming music store clerk wrote the melody that has become one of the stand-out hits in popular music.

The song, translated into many languages and published in many keys and over 15 different arrangements, brought happiness and a comfortable living to the composer and his wife during their lifetimes.

Its inspiration, Mrs. Julia Van-Dermeer Stults, received royalties from its sale right up until her death, recently, in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The composer died in 1933, at the age of 72.

Due to that one song, the Stultses were able to satisfy their modest needs for the rest of their lives. John W. Drain, a friend of the couple since 1909 and now assistant to the president of the Theodore Presser Company, which distributes the song, estimates that they received at least $50,000 over the years in royalties.

"If he were alive today, under the present rules protecting composers, he'd clean up," Mr. Drain said. "Why, he'd get $5,000 a year for public performances alone, and two cents apiece for all the phonograph records that have been sold."

Of primary importance, however, was the fact that the sweet melody enabled Stults to continue his musical career. His family had opposed his going into music for a career, and he hadn't done well. First he was proprietor of a music shop in Baltimore, and, when that failed, became a clerk in another music store.

One day Mira Mirella, one of the lovelier singing stars of the Gay Nineties, came into his shop in search of a new number for her show. Stults showed her all the songs he had, but she wasn't satisfied.

"Well," he said, "I'll write you a song."

She laughed, but he insisted that he was serious. For several years he had dreamed of writing a popular song, one that would be a hit. He now had a singer who would push it for him—all he had to do was write it.

The next morning, Mira, not really believing that he would have the song ready, dropped by the store. He played for her "The Sweetest Story Ever Told." She listened to the sweet simple melody, and heard him sing the words:

Tell me, do you love me?
Tell me softly, sweetly, as of old!
Tell me that you love me.
*For that's the sweetest story ever told.**

The star recognized the song immediately as a potential hit, and put it in her show. That was in 189.' Within a year music houses were begging the composer for permission to publish it.

The usual situation was reversed. Instead of the composer hoping that some publisher would print it, Stults allowed the Oliver Ditson Company, then one of the biggest publishers in the country and since taken over by the Presser company, to market it for him.

Then the couple moved to Ridley Park, a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia, and settled down in a large, comfortable house. With a steady income, Stults could afford to stay in the field of music he liked best. Gone were the days of clerking in music stores. He was now a composer.

He played the organ at various churches around Philadelphia, and also went seriously into his second love, choir work. Wherever he felt like it, he turned out some composition or another, this week a Christmas cantata, the next an anthem.

Sometimes he would write a dozen or more pieces for organ or piano in a day. Several of his works were published under pseudonyms.

Although Stults frequently fancied himself in poor health, he lived to be 72. At his death, Mrs. Stults, then 71, was lonely in a big house. She went to Mr. Drain for advice.

Because of the long association between the composer and the Presser company, Mrs. Stults was offered a home in the Presser Foundation's Home for Retired Music Teachers.

She was not actually a music teacher, but one of the rules was stretched a bit, and she was permitted to enter the comfortable, friendly establishment.

There she passed the remaining years of her life, living comfortably off the facilities of the home and the royalties from her song.

That one song guaranteed her happiness in her later years, just as it had kept her and her husband so well during his lifetime. It was, indeed, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told."

*Published and copyrighted (1902—renewal 1930) by Oliver Ditson Company. Used by permission.

An Always Thrilling Sight—Mallard Ducks Taking Off Against a Background of Golden Orange Sunset.

Wild Duck Crisis

Wanton Hunting, a Scarcity of Food and a Housing Problem Eventually May Bring the Extinction of Ducks and Geese

By Win Brooks

THERE'S quick-winged color in the sky again.

Southward the ducks and geese are driving their wedges toward winter feeding grounds.

Here come the wildfowl! And from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico the guns are booming and ducks are toppling from the skies.

Man is on the hunt once more.

This is the year of crisis which may point to the extinction of waterfowl. President Truman, acting upon the recommendation of the Department of the Interior, has reduced the hunting season from 45 to a range of 30 to 35 days, the daily bag limit from seven to four, the possession limit from 14 to eight, to check a decline estimated to have reduced the migratory waterfowl population from 125,000,000 to 54,000,000.

However, signs indicate that this number is rising.

John H. Baker, president of the Audubon Society, had requested a complete suspension of duck hunting. The results of this year's shooting and of next summer's nesting will determine whether shooting might be entirely prohibited in 1948.

Fifty-four million ducks and geese are a small percentage of the vast migration not many years ago.

Anyone who considers it impossible that wild ducks and geese should become extinct is unacquainted with the history of man's dissipation of nature's feathered bounty.

Once the population of the passenger pigeon was in the billions. Man shot them, snared them and netted them. In 1914 the last one died.

A century ago the Labrador duck was in abundance along our northern coast. Man hunted him for his meat and down, and in 1875 the last died.

All but extinct now is the trumpeter swan, one of the largest of North American birds, which was almost shot out before being brought under federal supervision.

Our ducks and geese have not been subject to wholesale slaughter of this nature for many years now, yet their population began a steady decrease in 1905. Sale of wildfowl was outlawed, bag limits more than cut in half, use of live decoys and baiting prohibited, automatic weapons plugged. Yet the decline continued.

The average duck hunter is a good sportsman and a conservationist. Not only does he abide by the restrictions the government imposed, but through his organization, Ducks Unlimited, he has contributed more than $1,000,000 for artificial breeding grounds or the improvement of nesting places and he has co-operated with the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service.

An abbreviated hunting season, or closed season, may not save the wildfowl. In some years, according to Ducks Unlimited, 70 per cent of the annual duck hatch has been destroyed before the hunting season opens. Drought, fire, crows, magpies and flash floods take a terrific toll.

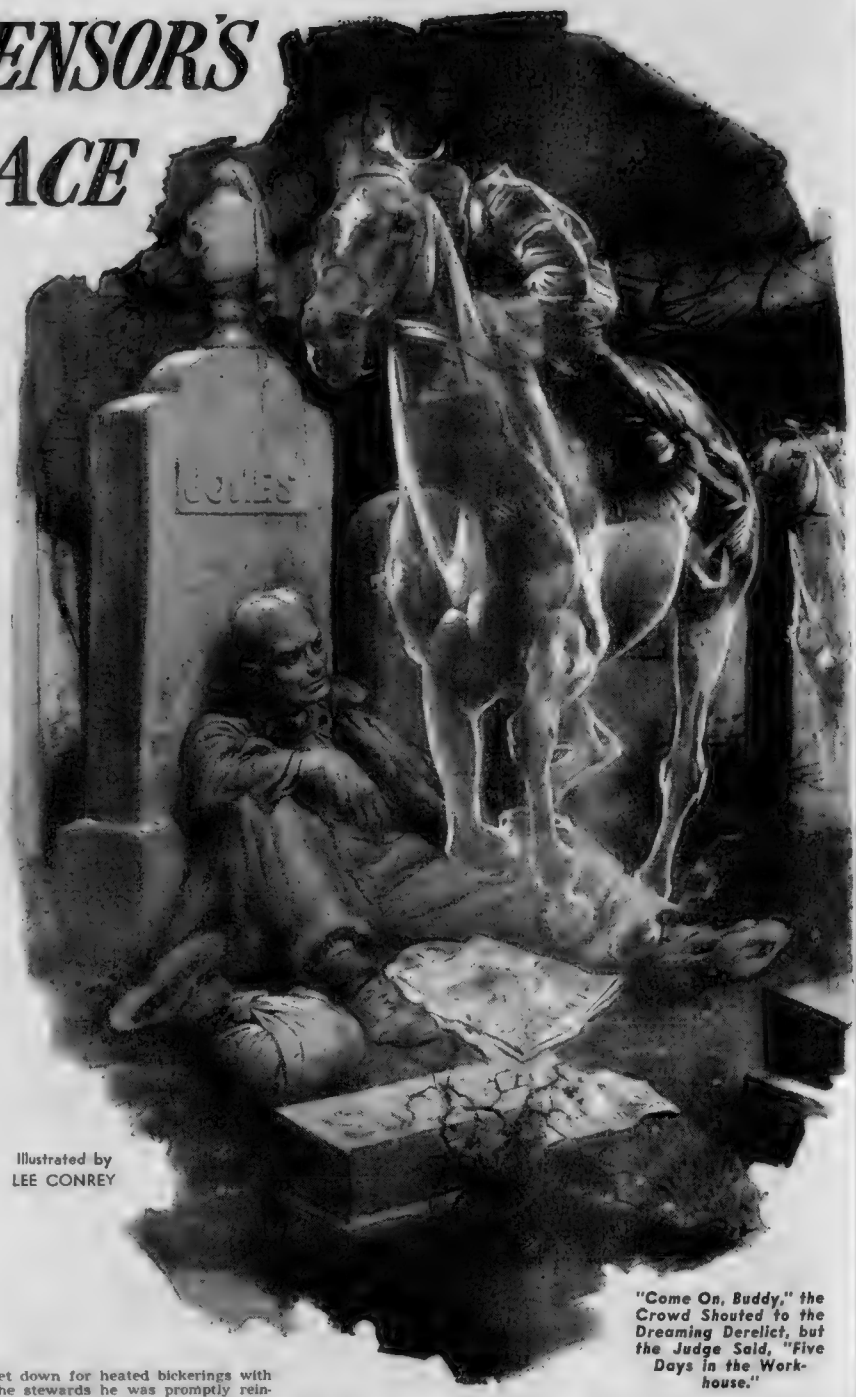
Perhaps the greatest handicap to the wildfowl increase has been the constant encroachment of civilization upon areas which were nesting grounds or feeding grounds or wintering grounds. Ducks which sometimes raised two broods find difficulty raising one when disturbed by humans. Millions of ducklings fail to survive for autumn flight.

More ducks are wintering in the temperate zone because their regular winter grounds in the south have become unattractive or uninhabitable.

Some respond to kindness and food. At Whippoorwill, in Westchester County, N. Y., a wealthy New York businessman has this year spent $21,000 for feed to lure mallards to his private lake for the spirit's sake.

Wood Ducks and Their Brood. Paintings by the Distinguished Naturalist and Artist, Lynn Bogue Hunt.

BUDDY ENSOR'S LOST RACE



Illustrated by LEE CONREY

"Come On, Buddy," the Crowd Shouted to the Dreaming Derelict, but the Judge Said, "Five Days in the Workhouse."

A WIZENED wisp of a man, his hair awry and his clothes ragged and rumpled, blinked bloodshot eyes and tried to still the trembling of his hands, as he stood in Magistrate William Poppin's Court in Flushing, N. Y.

"Lavalle Ensor," intoned the clerk. "Charge, vagrancy."

The magistrate said nothing for a full minute, fixing his gaze on a sunlit window. This was the second time within the week the pathetic little man had faced the bench on the same charge. The first time he had gone free. Now he was back again, picked up sleeping a tired, oblivious sleep in a Jamaica cemetery, near the race track where, every day in season, the horses thundered down the stretch.

The years rolled back and the magistrate saw, in his mind's eye, a younger edition of the 47-year-old man flashing home a winner, his silks flying in the breeze, while the crowds shouted: "Come on, Buddy!... Come on, you Buddy Ensor!"

Reluctantly the magistrate brought his eyes back to the object of his judicial duty. He sighed and said softly: "Five days in the Workhouse."

Buddy Ensor, once the great, proud, affluent Buddy Ensor, the little fellow whose name was mentioned in the same breath with Tod Sloan, Earl Sande, Isaac Murphy and Snapper Garrison, grinned feebly.

"When I get out I'm goin' to Saratoga, your honor. Maybe I can hook on as a stable boy. I've still got horses in my blood."

It was back in 1917 that Buddy burst upon the racing scene. A small, wire-strung kid of 17, scarcely 108 pounds, he had left his Baltimore home the year before to try his luck on the turf. He went west under the wing of Tom Shannon and at Hot Springs won eight races with 11 mounts. This feat for an apprentice jockey was good enough to give him advance billing in the East.

He came to the big eastern tracks in 1918, riding for Bill Hogan, trainer of the Clark stable. Hogan liked him. Everybody liked Buddy, with his cocky, confident stride and his ready tongue. But Hogan couldn't keep him... Buddy and liquor got along too well together.

Buddy liked liquor and he liked the gay spots and he refused to consider jockeying too seriously. Many a time they lifted him into the saddle. Once on his mount, however, he was a better bet than most of the other boys on the track.

They say Buddy never whipped a horse, that he "talked" to his mount with his hands, that a stream of understanding flowed from rider to animal through his ten fingers. Drunk or sober, Buddy brought them home and scarcely two years after his entrance into big time he was a jockey great.

In 1920 Buddy rode for four owners, all of whom gave him up because of his drinking. Then, near the close of the Saratoga meet in August, Tom Healy took him in hand. Tom treated him like a son, saw that he lived simply. It paid off. From September 2 to October 24, Buddy rode 83 winners out of 186 mounts.

At Aqueduct on Sept. 17 he won five out of a card of six races, losing the sixth by a nose. Less than a month later he rode four winners in a row. It was imperative that Buddy straighten out now, for in 1919 he had married Daisy Bennett of Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

It couldn't, however, last. In the next few years, during which daughter Alberta Elaine appeared in the Ensor home, Buddy cut a wide swath through Broadway. Money was rolling in. Despite his failing he was too good a jockey to pass up and rides were plentiful. When he was set down for heated bickerings with the stewards he was promptly reinstated. At one time he was reputed to be worth $250,000.

This went out as fast as it had come in... on Broadway parties, lavish dissipation, devil-may-care spending. He became a source of annoyance at the tracks. Although he was honest, capable and likable, the stewards would not put up with his repeated disturbances. In 1924 they told Buddy he was through, barred indefinitely.

He didn't believe it at first. Just another few-day suspension, he thought. He applied for reinstatement. He was refused. He applied again, was refused again. For eight years his applications were refused and every time he got a "No!" he turned to liquor.

Daisy never gave up hope of his regeneration. "He'll come back," she'd say. "He just needs a little more rest." She told Buddy repeatedly: "You can do it, Buddy! You can lick the booze if you'll just try hard enough!" Without support, she moved back with her folks to await the day.

The day came in 1931. Buddy went on the wagon. For keeps. He got a job with Johnny Zoeller's stable, exercising horses at first, working up to assistant trainer. He stuck to it for 18 months, without a drink. In 1932 Zoeller got permission for him to ride in Havana. The old touch was there. He booted home many a winner. He rode at Miami and scored again. Then he was reinstated.

He won the first race he rode at Jamaica after reinstatement, then flashed home winner of seven races in eight days. "Ensor's back!" was the cry from the stands.

Again it couldn't last. The bright lights beckoned, and the liquor, and the good times. Again he was set down. For the next nine years Buddy's life was a long series of suspensions and futile efforts to make a comeback. He last rode to victory in a race at Garden State Park in 1942.

Since then he appeared in court many times, always penniless, poorly clothed, ill. The charge was always simple "vagrancy."

Last month Buddy Ensor died in an ambulance on the way to a hospital. His body lay on a morgue slab 14 hours before he was identified.

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Watchdogs *of the* Mail

The Skill and Tenacity of the Post Office Inspection Service Has Made Misuse of the Mail Unprofitable

Terrified, Mrs. Brown Grasped Her Granddaughter's Hand to Keep the Child From Eating the Candy, Impishly Snatched from Box.

illustrated by OZNI BROWN

EVERY day the Post Office Department handles uncounted millions of letters and packages. In this mountain of mail it would seem impossible to trace the origin of any piece lacking the name and address of the sender.

But let an anonymous sender violate the postal regulations and the government's oldest detective agency the Post Office Inspection Service will run the culprit down.

The skill and tenacity with which mail-using malefactors are pursued became apparent once again the other day when a graying matron sent a box of poisoned candy to her star boarder's other love interest.

Mrs. Anna Hanrahan, a 46-year-old divorcee, rented out three rooms of the Davenport, Iowa, apartment in which she lived with her 82-year-old father. One of these rooms was occupied by William Allen, 38, who became sentimentally interested in his landlady and took her out on dates.

One day last April the mailman brought a package to 36-year-old Rosetta O'Shea, who lives in Rock Island, Ill. She opened it, discovered a box of candy which had a peculiar odor and took it to the police, who called in the postal inspectors.

The inspectors learned that Miss O'Shea had been planning to attend a dance with Allen. They found that Allen had been friendly with Mrs. Hanrahan. When a specimen of the widow's handwriting was compared with the address on the candy, she confessed.

The boarder, she said, told her he was going to a stag party, but she found two tickets to a dance in his dresser drawer. Suspecting that he planned to take Miss O'Shea, she bought a box of candy and put ointment in several pieces before sending it to her rival.

Mrs. Hanrahan said, "I wanted to make her sick so she couldn't go to the dance." Mrs. Hanrahan was put on probation for three years.

When Curry Thomas, a wealthy Virginia plantation owner, was killed by a bomb he received in the mail, the postal inspectors were confronted with one of their most difficult cases.

His bride, who was injured by the blast, knew of no one who had a grudge against them. But her brother told the inspectors he felt that her former employer, Dr. R. R. Mege, a dentist of Mt. Airy, N. C., had been fond of her.

All that remained of the lethal package were a few iron fragments, bits of corrugated cardboard, a piece of twine and a portion of a paper label with a barely legible inscription "H . . . attery."

With these meagre clues, inspectors visited steel mills, iron foundries, twine makers and paper mills, but they learned nothing until they reached Cleveland, Ohio. There a battery-manufacturer identified the label as one that his company had pasted on a package containing an "H-D Radio C Battery." Records showed that shipments had been made to only seven North Carolina firms one of which was a hardware store beneath Dr. Hege's office.

The inspectors tracked the twine to a rope company of Auburn, N. Y. It had been sold to a paper company in Winston-Salem, N. C., and then to a supply company which had only one customer in Mt. Airy—Dr. Hege.

The proprietor of the Mt. Airy hardware store said he had sold dynamite to the dentist. He also said he kept pipe fittings in a room which was accessible to Dr. Hege. These fittings corresponded with the iron fragments.

The postal men made a dummy package resembling the one the planter had received. They took it to post offices in North Carolina and Virginia. The clerk at a substation in a store near Richmond recalled a man who had mailed one like it.

A woman clerk in the store remembered the man, too. The owner of a nearby gas station remembered a man who had stopped for gas and asked the way to the post office. A real estate broker recalled that the same man had almost run over him.

These four persons were taken to Mt. Airy, N. C., and posted at a large window across the street from Dr. Hege's office. When the dentist emerged, all four recognized him.

Dr. Hege never went to trial. The day after his arrest, he broke one of the lenses in his spectacles and slashed his jugular vein with a bit of glass.

Mrs. Doris Peveto, a 19-year-old widow of Vidor, Texas, didn't like the appearance of a package she received after she became engaged to Edward Knapp. Inside it police found a mouse trap so arranged that when the package was opened it would explode a shotgun shell.

Knapp had a 34-year-old brother, Maurice, who was blind and Doris frequently befriended him.

The inspectors found out that Maurice was jealous of his brother.

He was sent to a federal penitentiary for 20 years.

When Mrs. Floyd Brown of Cloverport, Ky., opened a box of candy that had been mailed to her, her three-year-old granddaughter snatched a piece of it. Terrified, Mrs. Brown grasped the child's hand to keep her from eating it, because she had received several unsigned scurrilous letters and she feared that the candy might be from the same source.

Postal inspectors, checking the handwriting, said that it was. Analysis showed that the candy contained rat poison. But who had sent it?

Mrs. Brown cooked for a crew of railroad workers and was relieved occasionally by Mrs. Elizabeth M. Stewart who, the inspectors learned, was 58 years old and wanted to marry the foreman. Her greatest competition was Mrs. Brown.

Two juries refused to convict Mrs Stewart. A third did find her guilty, but her sentence of five years was suspended because of her age.

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Sell 'Em

By William Engle

THE mighty bull market of 1929 was surging toward its fearful climax. Everyone, in the little towns and in the big cities, was buying stocks on margin, certain of a rise that would not end before they could sell out at a profit that would change a way of life.

Your butcher and your baker had a hot tip every day. Your druggist and your barber suddenly were market analysts. Next door your neighbor, in two weeks, doubled his money, on paper.

Hard-headed Bernard E. Smith, a quiet man of 41, square-jawed and forthright, who had risen from New York slums to make a fortune, and lose it, and make another, was in with the rest, a bull in a great bull market.

He wasn't selling America short. He was, in fact, in the late days of October that year, off on an airplane jaunt over northeastern Canada, confident the market would hold at least until he had his holiday.

On the evening of October 24, his plane, far up the eastern coast, came down to a smooth landing. He heard then the news that all afternoon had shaken the world.

The dream — the fantasy of the bootblack, the store clerk and even the shrewdest professional market operators — had exploded.

On the New York Stock Exchange that day, 12,894,650 shares were sold. Prices melted minute to minute. Equities, men's lifelong hopes for the comfort of their families, vanished as in brokerage offices of the country the ticker tape told its appalling story of the end of an epoch.

As the first sunset of the depression years faded, the quiet Mr. Smith, up there in Canada, did not do as many others, committed to the bull side of the market, did. They quaked under the shock of the day's decline but they decided the disaster marked only a dip in a still-rising market.

Mr. Smith decided it was an omen of an even greater collapse to come. He turned the nose of his plane south. A gold mining errand which he had had in mind he abandoned. He headed for Wall Street, storm center of the world.

Overnight he changed his whole attitude toward market trends. He had been consistently a bull. Now he was determinedly a bear.

He charged into his brokerage offices, if legend can be believed, with an historic shout:

"Sell 'em!" he cried. "They aren't worth anything!"

HE sold 'em himself. He sold short, and kept on selling short, and stock prices kept on dwindling. Of all bear operators he was the greatest, and it was thus he got the name by which the world knows him today: Sell 'Em Ben Smith.

Four days after that first wave of panic swept over the market, Sell 'Em Ben Smith saw another wave strike. This one was a tidal wave. That

Illustrated
by
WILLIAM RANDALL

Mr. Smith Wasn't Always a Bear. Sometimes He Took a Bull Position in the Market, and His Interests Were So Wide That He Even Promoted an Eddie Dowling Girlie Show Called "Thumbs Up."

Ben Smith

He Is Mellower Now, but Once the Famous Bear Shook Wall Street With His Cry: "Sell 'Em! They Aren't Worth Anything!"

day, October 28, sales made a record not equalled before or since. Frantic speculators - the butcher, the baker, and everyone else — tossed 16,410,030 shares into the maelstrom.

General Electric plunged 47 points. Eastman Kodak went down 41. New York Central, bell wether of the rails, fell five in the morning, regained it, then plummeted 22.

That, tragically for all the little investors, was the Base Low. It didn't seem so to Ben Smith.

"Sell 'em," he said. "They are still too high."

HE sold, on through December, 1929. Still a bear, he weathered the rallies of 1930 and 1931. Then the depression really set in, and he was on the right side of the market.

Fortunes were gone. Gaudy dreams were dim.

The weaklings among the moneyed plungers were jumping out of windows in downtown Manhattan. Sell 'Em Ben Smith, who had known what it was to eat the cabbage without the corned beef in his youth on the grubby fringe of New York's Hell's Kitchen, sat back easy. He wasn't a blusterer and he never presumed then (as he doesn't now) to be a seer. He merely held to the short side, and the millions rolled in.

"It takes more of what you've got to play the short side," he said. "When they're down, you know there's a limit. When they're going up, you can't be sure they won't hit the sky. If you're short, and they climb, you're a goner."

ON the short side, he moved into one stock after another. His operations in volume were greater than those of anyone else. What he did with one stock — J. I. Case Threshing Machine — was typical of his foresight and his daring.

Case had been a pet of the bulls. They had run it up to 500. It had seemed to be one of those sky-bound things.

"It isn't worth a fraction of its price," said Ben. "It's going down and down hard."

He sold it from 500 down to 200. Then the rallies caught him. Case went back up to 360. He was so greatly committed that the threat of ruin lay ahead. But he held to his convictions, and he set out to find facts to support his decision.

Case sold farm implements. Ben took a plane and talked to farmers, implement dealers and bankers. He found the food producers were certainly in no position to buy Case products.

Back in New York, he kept on selling Case, and finally saw it decline from its fantastic 500 top to its 1932 low of 16.

Word of Ben as the greatest of bears reached Washington, and politicians pounced on it. This reticent, quiet-spoken man who had never hobnobbed with market oracles, was good game for them. Perhaps, they said, they could blame him for the market's apparently never-ending downward course.

"Let's bring him in," said one of the Senators, and a Senate Committee summoned him.

"You are known as a big bear raider, aren't you?" he was asked, as if his answer might alter a law of economics.

"Nobody ever called me that to my face," said Ben.

"Well, you are a short operator?"

"Why, of course," Ben replied. "Selling short is quite as ethical as buying long."

Before the committeemen stood the greatest of bear operators and he reduced them to murmurs. They couldn't prove anything except that he thought some stocks were going down, instead of up. He knew how to make millions with that knowledge.

It had been a long, hard way that Ben Smith had traveled to take him to that great vantage point of power and wealth and suavity, and he had liked it, every part of it.

He is one of those few men born each generation whose zest for living makes their interests boundless and carries them to pinnacles of endeavor. He is modest, too. He would be the first to say, "Never mind about pinnacles. I just keep busy."

Very early, he began to be busy. His father and mother, Bernard and Margaret Smith, natives of Ireland, settled in a 53rd Street brownstone front in New York. Ben was only a boy when his father died, and he went to work delivering newspapers. At 12 he entered Wall Street, delivery boy for a haberdasher at $3 a week. Then he went to sea, came back, got a job chalking up quotations for a broker at $9 a week, and there he won his first stake.

On tips from customers, while he was still in his teens, he accumulated $35,000.

Money was for using, he said, and he spent lavishly. The family, he said, must share his luck. He sent his mother and sisters on a trip to Ireland.

"It was lucky I bought them round trips," he said later. "Before they got back, I was broke."

He had been operating then as a bull in the market. The Rich Man's Panic of 1903 had cleaned him out.

It didn't matter. He was young and liked to work and he was in a money making business. In another brokerage office, by 1908, he piled up $15,000 in profits although his job as clerk paid him only $15 a week.

This went, too. He had taken a short position in Union Pacific, and that in those days was no stock to sell short. The directors unexpectedly jumped the dividend from $6 a year to $10. The stock went up and Ben had to put in all his stake.

"I'd been figuring they'd boost the dividend to $8," he said afterward. "When they made it $10, they broke me."

This, also, didn't matter. Ben quit the Street for a while.

He and a friend drove a little car to California, wandered down to New Mexico for some copper mining, then came back east.

In New York again, Ben took an automobile agency, and presently was selling $60,000 worth of cars a week, getting five per cent for himself.

"I specialized in important men," he explained later. One was James A. Stillman, the banker. He not only liked to buy cars from Ben, but when he died showed his good will by bequeathing Ben a $300,000 legacy. Ben smiles about that. It would have come in handy a few decades ago. When it did come, he didn't need it.

WORLD WAR I interrupted his business career but gave him a wife. With an American Ambulance Unit he drove under fire for two years before America itself entered the conflict. Then bad vision kept him out of our services and he served as a civilian inspector of rubber, making nine round trips of the Atlantic in 1918. On one of them he met Gertrude Davis, daughter of the Case Company's chairman.

On a bench beside the Seine in Paris, he asked her to marry him and she gave her consent.

He never did forget that bench and years later brought it back home.

He didn't get seriously into Wall Street again until 1924, when he took a $25,000-a-year place as a brokerage office manager. Two years later he paid $150,000 for a Stock Exchange seat. Then his interests widened. He was a market operator — sometimes a bull, sometimes a bear — and a promoter of such diverse ventures as washing machines and an Eddie Dowling girlie show called "Thumbs Up."

He financed Dick Merrill's transatlantic flight to bring back pictures of the Coronation, which he was unable to attend because the Hindenburg, on which he had booked passage, burned before his eyes.

Meanwhile he was being called with increasing frequency the world's wealthiest gypsy. Nobody knew where Ben Smith might turn up.

On a week end in San Francisco, with Jack Bickell, broker, he stopped outside an office window where a sign announced the China Clipper's departure the next day.

"How about a flight to Shanghai?" he said.

"Let's see if they have space," said Bickell, refusing to be kidded.

There was, indeed, space, and they both, it seemed in no time, were sitting in a suite in Shanghai's Cathay Hotel.

Returning by the same route would have been an anti-climax. So they decided to go back through Europe. Two hours after they left for Mukden to take the Trans-Siberian Railway, their suite was razed in the first bombing of Shanghai.

TODAY Ben can devote time again to his world traveling because his family, to whom he is devoted, is growing up. His oldest boy, Bernard E., Jr., was graduated from Annapolis in 1946. His daughter, Cynthia, is the wife of Dr. Ramon Castroviejo, one of the world's greatest eye surgeons. David and Jimmy are in Harvard.

Mrs. Smith has long been used to Ben's business wanderings. He was one of the last to leave Berlin before war was declared, was back in Europe in September, 1945, and again in the spring and fall of 1946.

Again this fall he was there, and his business still is so broad that when he came back to his New York office, his desk was mountainous with work carefully charted by his secretary.

As always, there still is no telling what turn his investments will take. He had a hand, for example, in big war projects, including an airport on the outskirts of New York, and he has a controlling interest in the Hipodromo de las Americas, the only horseracing track in Mexico City and one of the world's most elaborate.

HE is mellower than he used to be. He has enough money. Probably his days of aggressive dealing on the Stock Exchange — either buying or selling — are past. His mind now takes an international turn. He is deeply interested in the rehabilitation of the people of Europe.

"Particularly I'd like to see France on her feet again," he said, "and Ireland industrialized to the point of being self-sustaining."

This does not mean he has forgotten America, where he came up from Hell's Kitchen to the top of the Wall Street heap. America stirs in his mind all the time.

The American future, he believes, despite temporary setbacks, is brighter now than ever.

The time has come, in fact, when Sell 'Em Ben Smith is an all-out bull.

"Of course I'm a bull, as the saying goes. I'm a bull on the future of this country."

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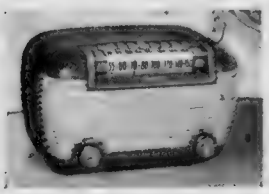

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SEPARATING *Siamese Twins*

By Paul I. Murphy

MANY of the world's most famous Siamese twins could have been separated by a new and simple severing operation, which is sparing similar present-day twins from the hardship of dragging through life bound together.

This is the scientific report of Dr. Frederick J. Bailey, deputy health commissioner of Boston and formerly of Harvard and Johns Hopkins.

Among the Best Known Living Siamese Twins Are the Hilton Sisters of England. An Operation to Sever Them Would Mean Death.

Findings made by Dr. Bailey reveal that Siamese twins are not nearly as rare as commonly believed. At least one set occurs in every 250,000 births, but these are usually kept secret between the parents and the physician who—thanks to modern surgery—can now sever most of them.

Dr. Bailey, member of the American Medical Association, and the Massachusetts Medical Society, says that Eng and Chang, the original Siamese twins, could have been separated by surgery, as could the famed Filipino twins, Lucio and Simplicio Godino, joined at the base of their spinal columns.

Other internationally known Siamese twins who could have been spared by surgery were the Hindu sisters, connected at the chest; the so-called Newport twins, similarly joined; the Biddenden sisters, connected at the shoulders, and the Hungarian sisters, Helen and Judith, joined back-to back at the lower segment of the spine.

There are two types of Siamese twins, according to Dr. Bailey. Those joined by tissue or cartilage, and those sharing a single abdominal tract, organs, and blood vessels. This latter group is extremely rare, and continues to baffle medical science.

More than 90 per cent of all Siamese twins are connected superficially, at the thighs, base of the spine, arms, side of the face, chest, legs, and head.

After the twins have been delivered by Caesarean operation, the surgeon performs the simple severing operation today shortly after birth. He cuts away the connecting tissue or cartilage as he would a tumor, and then sews up the severed body parts to await natural healing.

In his scientific report, Dr. Bailey tells of a young Boston mother, who, a year ago, knew that she was to give birth to Siamese twins weeks beforehand. X-rays had warned her. The woman was tormented by the thought, so her physician suggested that delivery be made at the home to prevent unwelcomed publicity.

Following a Caesarean, the infants joined together at the thighs—were x-rayed to determine whether they were merely superficially connected. It was proven that they possessed individual organs and blood vessels, and they were severed successfully.

Today, they are alive and well, and their physician reports that they will grow to healthy manhood.

A similiar set of twins was born recently at Boston City Hospital. The mother never suspected her daughters were Siamese twins until the nurse placed them into her arms.

Horrified, the mother lapsed into a coma, recovering 24 hours later to find that her twins had been separated successfully.

Although it is only recently that successful severing operations have been reported among Siamese twins generally, findings by Dr. Bailey show that as far back as 1924, Dr. Phillip Minenberg, chief obstetrician at the Borough Park Maternity Hospital in New York, performed the severing operation on joined twins.

One of the twins was dead at the time of the operation, succumbing shortly after birth. Although an hour had passed, Dr. Minenberg separated the second infant and later predicted that the survivor would grow to manhood and that no effects of the operation would later assert themselves.

Siamese twins also were born to Mrs. Frank Keller at Ryburn Memorial Hospital, Ottawa, Ill., on Feb. 1, 1928, Dr. Bailey's report reveals. The attending physician, Dr. Paul R. Clark, said one, named Meta Marie Keller, cried lustily at birth, but her sister showed no sign of life. Efforts to start the child to breathing failed. A severing operation was performed Within two days, Meta Marie was returned to her mother, normal.

Another successful severing operation was made on twins, born to Mr. and Mrs. Diego Florenzo of Everett, Mass., in 1936, according to Dr. Bailey's investigation.

Eng and Chang, born of Chinese parents in Siam in 1811, are considered by Dr. Bailey to be the tragic example of Nature's cruel abnormality. Were they alive today, they would not have been forced to remain joined together for the 63 years of their life. A simple band of cartilage was all that held [illegible]

During their strange existence Eng and Chang narrowly escaped death at the hands of the king of Siam, who wanted them slain.

Escaping to America, they made a fortune as circus exhibits for P. T. Barnum. Later they were barred from France, where it was [illegible] believed serious consequences might result if expectant mothers saw them. Returning to America, they changed their names to Bunker and became farmers in North Carolina.

At 41, they married sisters. Chang became the father of five children. Family troubles led him to drink, but Eng remained a total abstainer. They died in 1874.

The best known living Siamese twins, Mary and Margaret Gibbs of Holyoke, Mass., and the Hilton Sisters of England, belong to the rarest of human abnormalities, sharing single organs and blood vessels. An operation would mean death.

Nature's cruelty was brought a the closer to Margaret Gibbs when she applied for a marriage license in 1929. City Clerk William J. Egan of Newark, N. J., denied the license, stating, "How can I issue a license to two women to marry one man?"

However, the famous Blazek sisters managed to marry, or at least one of them did. Rosa Blazek married Capt. Franz Dvorak of the Austrian Army and became a mother while her sister remained single.

★ ★ ★ By George White ★ ★ ★

The Luck of GEORGE WHITE

Often It Was Good—As When Broadway Applauded His Dancing Marvels—But Sometimes It Was Bad—When He Lost a Fortune in a Dice Game

THE world might never have heard of the glamourous Dolly Sisters if it hadn't been for a couple of brash youngsters fresh from the Bowery.

Benny Ryan and I were the youngsters. We met, and teamed up, in the famous Steve Brodie saloon, and promptly quit dancing on bar room floors for nickels and dimes. After working out a routine we went into a production called "Gay Morning Glories" at $20 a week.

After our first season we landed a summer booking at Henderson's, Coney Island.

On the bill were a couple of beautiful but bashful girls, Roszika and Jenny Dolly, newly arrived from Hungary. Benny and I weren't old enough to vote, but we were older than the girls and gave them some fatherly advice.

The advice, as I recall it:

"Look, girls, you're sweet and pretty and graceful but those simple numbers that look good at a festival in Hungary won't get you any place in the U. S. A. We move fast over here and you've got to move along or get lost in the shuffle.

"Now try dancing the American way—like we do."

They tried, and they picked it up in a hurry. In no time we had them doing an "Off to Buffalo" and "The Cincinnati Twist." We kept rehearsing until the act was good enough to show to Charles B. Dillingham, the grand old man of the theatre.

He signed us for "The Echo" at $200 a week. The girls from Hungary and the boys from the Bowery were installed on Broadway.

Rosy and I spent a lot of time in each other's company off-stage. Were we in love? Looking back now, I guess maybe we were if we had taken time to think about it. But we were very young and very ambitious. And the relationship had one bit of friction where George White, the gambler, was concerned.

Even then, in my teens, I'd rather shoot dice than eat. Roszika Dolly was beautiful and glamourous but she had her practical side, too.

She said gambling was evil and I should save my money. She went further. All the time we were dancing together in "The Echo" she took charge of my salary. Most of it went into the bank and it didn't do me any good to try and wheedle extra dollars out of her in order to get into a crap game.

Maybe that kept romance from blooming. I figured if I made a declaration of devotion, Rosy might think I was softening her up so I could get a bigger allowance.

Jenny Dolly and I might have been a better match. She loved to gamble, too. Years later, when I was winning as much as $300,000 on a horse race in New York, she was winning $500,000 in a single session of baccarat at Le Touquet.

As it was, the sisters turned out true to type. Jenny, the high rolling gambler, killed herself in 1941 in a fit of despondency, aggravated by a toothache.

Roszika, the practical, married Irving Netcher, Chicago millionaire. If the wolf ever comes to her door it will be to beg for a scrap of food. Rosy is a wealthy woman in her own right.

When "The Echo" closed, Rosy Dolly gave me the money she had saved for me, and we went our separate ways, although we were thrown together occasionally afterwards.

Along about that time, a dance called The Turkey Trot arrived from San Francisco's notorious Barbary Coast. I danced it with Isabel Jason at the Shubert Winter Garden, sharing billing with another young fellow named Al Jolson. From the Winter Garden I went to the Ziegfeld Follies with a new partner, Lillian Lorraine.

The Dolly Sisters were in the Follies of 1916, which was a great show introducing, among other hits, a tune called "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

The author of this ageless song was the thin-faced, big-eyed singing waiter who used to share billing with Swifty White in Mike's saloon on Pell Street. His name was Irving Berlin.

From the 1916 Follies, Irving went on to make millions with his tunes. I went to Paris.

It was a combined business and pleasure trip. The engagement called for $250 a week, a lot of money in those days, at the Olympia theatre. At the same time it gave me a chance to see some of the world.

Along with The Turkey Trot, I introduced Balling the Jack and the Mysterious Rag to the Paris crowds, and they became very popular.

I went to Paris with the idea of having a good time, but I turned thrifty for some reason. I started saving money, all by myself without Rosy Dolly's help, and came back to New York with a fine wardrobe and my pockets full of money.

An hour after I landed, I was backstage at Hammerstein's Victoria where a crap game was going on continuously.

After a couple of hours I was $22,000 ahead! One loser snorted:

"You always were lucky, George!"

My busy mind was already planning my own show, a George White show, on Broadway.

I remembered the advice of Lee Shubert, the showman:

"You'll never be the possessor of important money working for somebody else."

Yes, sir, I'd be my own boss for evermore. I started to put on my coat and leave the game and one player yelled:

"Hey, there's still some money left here. Your dice, George."

When I finally left the game I didn't have a dime to my name. The $22,000 was gone, along with my original stake. I looked around for the guy who had said I always was lucky.

So I went back to work. Isabel Jason and I teamed up again. We got a fine costume made for her, on the cuff, and a booking at $400 a week. Then, with Lucille Cavanaugh, we set a record at the Palace, capitol of vaudeville, by playing seven weeks.

All the time I was trying to find out what the public wanted; figuring ways and means of becoming my own boss. I worked up a dancing act featuring four girls. Madame Francis designed gorgeous costumes; Joseph Urban did the settings.

All of which took money, more than I had. I borrowed from Arnold Rothstein, one gambler who always had money. I paid him back long before he was killed in a Broadway hotel by a person or persons unknown.

The act was booked for $1,500 a week over the Keith circuit, which had paid me $70 a week a few years earlier. We ended the run over a disagreement in Cleveland and I came back to Broadway well satisfied.

The public, I had learned, was ready and eager to pay to see really good looking girls, glamorous costumes and gorgeous settings.

The summer of 1919 found me busy mapping the details of the first George White Scandals and gathering the money to produce the show.

For the first, and other Scandals, I wanted a striking figure, literaly and figuratively, as a star; a beautiful girl, preferably, who could sing or dance, or both.

She didn't need to have an established name in show business. I didn't want stars someone else had made; I, George White, would make my own.

Week by week I searched for the girl I wanted and I think it was no surprise to either of us when Ann Pennington was selected.

She was a chorus girl in "The Red Widow" when I first saw her. And I met her again when she was signed up for the Ziegfeld Follies. That time I taught her dancing routines, so I could rightfully claim I had a hand in her development before as well as after she joined the Scandals.

Ann Pennington, or Penny, proved to the show world that good things come in small packages.

Even in high heels she wasn't five feet tall. She was the despair of dress designers because in those days when stage beauties wore stately gowns, Penny couldn't. The less she wore the better she looked.

She had flashing eyes and dimpled knees; she was just naturally pretty and cute—and born to the stage.

Once behind the footlights her big eyes and infectious smile kept the audience so entranced they sometimes forgot they'd come to see her dance.

I'm proud and happy to say I fell madly in love with her.

As regular as clockwork, press agents and columnists used to announce that Ann Pennington and George White were (1) engaged again, or (2) breaking the engagement.

I'll tell you how it was:

"Rosy Dolly Took Charge of My Salary. Most of It Went Into the Bank, and It Didn't Do Me Any Good to Try to Wheedle Extra Dollars Out of Her in Order to Get Into a Crap Game."

We were both in the Follies when the love bug bit me—hard. It was the third love of my life; the first two had been dancing and gambling.

We were playing in Chicago when I knew that Ann was the big moment of my life. One night after the show, I cornered her in a secluded nook of the hotel lobby and made my declaration. *I* told her I loved her; that I was going to *do* big things and she was to share them with *me*.

I took that tiny bundle of delicious *femininity* in my arms and poured out my soul.

She listened gravely and then she *said*:

"I'm very fond of you, George. *But* let's wait a while."

Well, we've been waiting *ever* since. I told her to say the word when *she* was willing to become Mrs. White.

She's never said the *word*. Ann has never married, and neither have *I*. For all I know, we're still "engaged."

In the show business, I have known hundreds *of* beautiful women but Ann Pennington was the *only* one I asked to become my wife.

There was another girl who proposed to me, but we never got around to the altar. Her first name was Margy, last name unknown, and she was a regular visitor backstage during the run in the Scandals of 1926-1927.

The night we gave her a birthday party and a regular dressing trunk with the show sticker on it, Margy said:

"Some day we will get married."

That was the night she became six years old. And it was the last time I ever saw Margy.

To return to the first Scandals.

I had my star, if not my wife, in Ann Pennington. I had fine costumes, scenery and music. I thought the opening at the Liberty theatre was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. But differences of opinions make horse racing—and headaches for young producers.

The night of the opening I paced the sidewalks waiting for the verdict—the reviews in the morning papers.

They weren't what I'd expected.

The critics opined the production was pleasing to the *eye* but something was lacking; they couldn't agree as to what it was.

One of the veteran critics wrote that George White's Scandals, first edition, proved one thing a good hoofer (meaning George White) should stick to his dancing.

And that, I thought bitterly, was the beginning, and the end, of the White Productions. Or was it?

I doubled up my fists and looked around for one of the guys who had a habit of saying:

"George White was always lucky!"

Next week another chapter of "The Luck of George White" will appear in The American Weekly.

★ ★ ★ Illustrated by NORMAN MINGO ★ ★ ★

Robert G. Sproul, 56-year-old dynamic president of the University of California, with the largest enrollment of any university in the world, recipient of 11 honorary doctorate degrees and numerous other international honors, has given to The American Weekly this statement of his public and private faith, his religion and the ideals he believes are needed to build a peaceful and aspiring world.

"My Faith"

by Robert G. Sproul

ACCORDING to the dictionary the creed of a church to which a man belongs is an expression of the faith which he holds.

One might say, therefore, that my faith is the creed of the Presbyterian Church, for I have been affiliated with that denomination all of my life, and even though circumstances prevent me from attending services as often as I would like, it continues to hold my allegiance.

But, there is, I believe, more to my faith than this would imply.

As president of a university which attracts students and scholars from all parts of the world, and representing most, if not all, of the major religions of mankind, it has been my privilege to discuss creeds and faiths with many people.

A man's creed determines the architecture of his faith. It supplies him with the instrumentalities, the words, the codes, and the patterns of thought which, like anchors to windward, hold him steady in time of storm.

But faith itself is a thing of life and spirit which neither house nor trellis can confine. It lives in the hearts of men of a thousand different creeds, and joyously dwells with men who know no creed at all.

In these reflections, there is of course nothing new, for in this matter of personal faith much foolishness and much wisdom have been both written and spoken. Nevertheless, it is necessary that I, too, repeat, not only to define my own faith, but also to point the way toward that world understanding through faith for which today so many millions of people yearn.

The common ground on which peoples of the whole world may meet and work together will never come through creeds; for their number is legion, and their differences as night and day. Rather, that common ground is the faith, urgent, ineradicable, which they all share, in the essential significance and eventual goal of man's existence on earth.

It has taken me many years to set straight in my own mind wherein lies the difference between the creed of my church and my personal faith. My creed is important to my faith, but my faith is greater than my creed.

Only through this conclusion can I speak with mutual understanding to men and women of churches other than my own, and to men and women of no church affiliation. In outward semblance we may differ, but in our hearts there is no difference. We have the same hopes and dreams, and we hold the same strong conviction that faith is the one sure foundation, the rock of ages, on which men must build.

Relatively speaking, religion today does not mean so much to mankind as it did only a few generations ago. In this country and in many others, the percentage of people who maintain membership in organized churches is smaller than it used to be. Moreover, the percentage of those nominally affiliated with churches who attend regularly is also smaller.

There is here a twofold danger. Without the guidance that a church and a creed provide, many people will never find a personal faith. The churches are our spiritual schools, and few persons have the initiative or the ability to educate themselves without a school. But even more serious is the danger that those who avoid churches and creeds will not even seek a personal faith because they believe that all three are one and the same, and therefore shun them all.

This danger is particularly grave in the case of young people. Left to drift without protection and without support they may be killed by frost, spiritually speaking; or growing along the ground instead of upward, they will bury their fruit in the mud.

There are those who are optimistic about this situation. A pastor of my acquaintance, not of my own church, believes that the relative decline of interest in churches does not represent a decline in faith. He believes that it is merely an adjustment to changing conditions.

He points out that a few generations ago people looked forward to Sunday, not alone as an opportunity to commune with God, but also as an opportunity to commune with their friends and neighbors. Most of them lived on farms, and all during the week communed with God through nature; they welcomed the opportunity to meet their fellow men. But today, most people live in cities, work indoors, and rub elbows with people all week.

As a consequence, my friend reasons, they naturally desire a different approach to God on Sunday. They prefer to commune with nature in their gardens, on a golf course, or on the highway. Moreover, my friend adds, Sunday morning services conflict with the fact that men need sleep to recuperate from the nervous strain of modern living. Perhaps my friend is right. I hope he is.

But I am not at all sure that the majority of men will fashion a personal faith without guidance, or keep it strong without some community of expression. I know that we cannot do without schools in the mundane education of men. I know that men cannot develop strength of spirit, even school spirit, unless they join together in expressing it.

If I may review then, my faith is Christian, but it recognizes a kinship with the faiths of all other peoples, regardless of how my creed and theirs may differ.

My faith requires only one absolute conviction, namely, that there is a significance to man's existence on earth, a goal toward which he must strive, and an inspired guidance within each individual which, if shared and acted on in concert, will help all the way. And that part of my creed which sets a code of Christlike behavior toward my fellow men is the core of my faith, however poorly I may express that faith in works.

Illustrated by KARL GODWIN

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Artistic BRAWL

A Lot of Red and Blue "Blood" Was Spilled—But Didn't Come Out of the Contestants' Veins

The Duellists, Battling Because of Slurring Remarks About a Turtle and Two Siamese Cats, Smeared Themselves and the Field of Honor With Splashes of Red and Blue Paint.

THE gray mist of early dawn still hung over the clearing on the edge of Sauverbelin Forest. The two duellists, grim-faced Rene Creux and tensely-poised Andre Pache, awaited the signal to begin.

With the first thrust, a great slashing streak of red glowed on Pache's white-sleeved arm. A moment later, a scarlet stream trickled down the side of his face. His second, watching from the side, grimaced with anxiety.

In the interchange of blows, Creux had not gone completely unscathed either. His shoulder was dripping. But not red. His was dripping a rich cobalt blue. And not because he was a member of nobility with blue blood. The two duellists were fighting with paint.

Pache and Cruex are both noted Swiss artists whose disagreements started several years ago over their respective pets. Pache ridiculed the pet turtle owned by Creux and compared its phlegmatic disposition with that of its owner.

On the other hand, Pache had a pair of Siamese cats that spent most of their time chasing each other around the studio with eerie screeches and mournful howls. Since Creux's studio was directly underneath Pache's, Creux objected to the noise.

There were many heated arguments but things really came to a climax several weeks ago when Pache kidnaped the turtle and mischievously painted grotesque figures on its shell. Creux was furious.

One word led to another and finally to the challenge. Seconds were chosen, cards exchanged, the time and place of the duel settled and then someone remembered that dueling with swords is against the law in Switzerland.

But an "affair d'honneur" must be settled by combat, they insisted. After much discussion it was decided they should duel with house painters' brushes tied onto fencing sticks, Creux using red paint and Pache using blue, with the local publisher as referee.

At the word "Go!" the duellists flung themselves at each other with grim, if misdirected, vigor. Paint spurted from their flailing brushes and sprayed the air and tinted the surrounding grass. Then, growing accustomed to their unwieldy weapons, Creux and Pache began to find the range.

Slop!

Whack!

Within a few minutes they both were covered with red and blue paint, literally from head to foot. One of the seconds forgot himself in the heat of the battle and tried to intervene. He was daubed up immediately by the duellists—paint in his hair, on his face, over his clothes. The other second rushed in to pull him out, and for a time it was a very artistic free-for-all, with everybody in the brawl.

The fencing sticks broke and they continued with the brushes. Both were so drenched with paint that it would have been impossible to proclaim the winner, but Pache settled the matter by banging Creux over the head with his paint pot. Creux retired under his own power, although perhaps not with good form. As a parting shot, he heaved his own paint pot at Pache, but missed.

Says Pache, "Perhaps I should get two more cats to celebrate my victory, yes?" Creux is noncommittal, but when the current pair romp and howl over the floor above, he looks at the ceiling thoughtfully, and the gleam in his eyes is not one of defeat.

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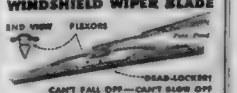

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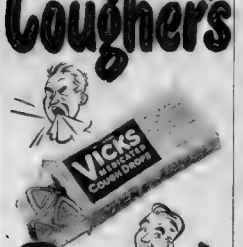

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Little Miss Fixit

THE stranger opened the hood of his car to point out where he thought the grinding noise was.

"Don't worry," the garage owner said. "My mechanic will find it." He nodded toward a figure in coveralls bent over a near-by motor.

The stranger glanced over, then did a double take. Hands black with grease, but daintily small arms streaked with oil, but graceful—even the shapeless coveralls couldn't quite disguise the femininity of the slim body.

Her Partner — Who Is Also Her Father — Calls Hazel Peterson the Best Auto Mechanic in Milwaukee, and Plenty of His Customers Agree.

"Well," he said apprehensively, "can't you do it yourself—or—I mean——"

Ted Peterson, the garage owner, smiled.

"Listen, son," he said, "Hazel is the best automobile mechanic in Milwaukee, even if she is a girl. I'd be happy if I could find another one half as good. That girl hasn't had a vacation in two years because some customers won't let anybody else work on their cars."

Ted happened to be Hazel's father, but those who know her work will tell you that his high regard for her ability isn't based entirely on parental pride. Hazel is a whiz with cars. Changing fuel pumps, overhauling rear axles, fixing ignition systems — the tougher the job, the better she likes it.

A lot of girls learned how to take trucks apart and put them back together during the war, but few women ever feel really at home with engines. For Hazel, working on motors seems to come naturally. Nobody ever taught her much about them — the knowledge was absorbed gradually without her even realizing it.

When she was 14 she had an attack of measles which left her completely blind in one eye. You can't tell it, because both eyes look the same—a clear hazel—and focus perfectly. You can't even tell which one is the sightless one.

The doctors said at the time that she was not to read or write or look at movies for two years, a lifetime to a 14-year-old girl. Day after day, dispirited and bored, she would wander aimlessly into her father's garage and watch him work.

One afternoon her father got an idea, and suddenly handed Hazel a plug wrench.

"I'm in a jam alone with all this work," he said. "Why don't you see if you can loosen those spark plugs for me?"

She did, and went on from there to put the whole machine in top shape. "Nothing has ever given me as big a thrill as working on that first car and knowing I had really accomplished something," she says.

Hazel is now 25, and she and her father have been partners in the business in Milwaukee, Wis., for almost 11 years. She is half owner of the garage building.

In her spare time she plays the guitar, sings hillbilly songs, and is a popular entertainer on amateur programs. As she sings and plays, hair falling silkily to her shoulders, she looks much too fragile to have a job requiring dirty coveralls and a bandana over her hair. It seems incredible that the slender fingers, so adept at tuning up a guitar, can tune up a motor with the same sure touch.

Hazel owns her own car, but what she's really eager for is a helicopter.

"And when I get it, Dad and I want to travel," she says, "but we'll have to find another mechanic first."

Cupid's Clearing House

THE language of love may be universal, but it does not work when an English-speaking boy wants to mail a letter to a non-English-speaking girl. That's where an export and importing firm in Sydney, Australia, steps in.

Free of charge, the firm is daily playing Cupid to hundreds of Australian service men whose wives and sweethearts are still living in the lands where they were wooed. Week after week, hundreds of love letters are brought to them by sailors, soldiers and airmen home from overseas. The translators rewrite them into the language of the girls to whom they are addressed.

The translators are fluent in French, Dutch, Danish, Greek, Italian and German. Some of them can speak Japanese and Malayan; many know Indian dialects.

The self-conscious boys usually write stilted letters because they know that they will be read by a third party. But the girls' letters are warm and intimate. They don't embarrass the Cupid-playing translators, however. To them it is just part of the job.

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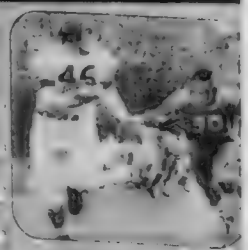

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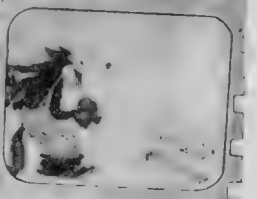

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THE

"Stop at a Drug Store!" The Young Woman Commanded, as She Threw Open the Trap Door in the Roof of the Cab. "My Friend Has Hurt Himself!"

SCREAMS issuing from a hansom cab on the morning of June 4, 1904, launched one of Manhattan's most debated mysteries in which Nan Patterson, 22-year-old Floradora girl, was accused of doing in her married admirer, 38-year-old Francis Thompson Young.

That morning, at about 8 o'clock, Young and Miss Patterson entered Frederick Michaels' hansom at 59th Street and Fifth Avenue. The cabbie drove to a store at 23rd Street and Broadway, where Young bought a straw hat.

Then the cab set out for the American Line pier at the foot of Fulton Street and North River, but stopped again, at Kostlang's saloon on the southeast corner of Bleecker Street and West Broadway, where the passengers went into the saloon's back room. They soon came out and the cab headed south on West Broadway.

Michaels heard a shot, then feminine screams.

"Stop at a drug store!" the young woman shrieked, as she threw open the trap door in the roof of the cab. "My friend has hurt himself!"

Michaels controlled the frightened horse and pulled up at the near-by drug store of Otto W. Tennis, between Franklin and North Moore Streets. Tennis saw the wounded man sprawled unconscious across his distraught companion's lap, and advised the cabbie to get to the Hudson Street hospital in a hurry.

The cab had gone about a block when Patrolman William J. Junior of the Eighth Street station climbed aboard.

He found Nan Patterson stroking Young's cheek and saying: "Sit up, Darling! Please sit up!"

"What happened?" the officer asked, noting the bullet wound in the man's left chest, which was the side nearest the girl.

"He shot himself!"

"Who is he?"

"Caesar Young," she replied, using the nickname by which Young was known.

"The big bookie and horse owner?" Junior inquired.

She nodded.

"And who are you?"

"My name is Nan Patterson. We've been friends—very close friends—for a long time. He was to sail for Europe this morning—with Mrs. Young."

"Where's the gun?"

"I didn't see any gun."

Junior reported later that he located the still warm weapon, a .32 caliber, five-chambered hammerless revolver, in Young's right-hand coat pocket—the pocket farthest from the wound, and from Miss Patterson.

"Why did he do it?" the officer asked.

"I don't know. He had just said that he might not see me for months, perhaps never again."

As they arrived at the hospital, Nan moaned: "Oh, Caesar, Caesar, what have you done?"

Caesar Young died before he could be placed on an operating table. The bullet had entered the top of the left lung and passed diagonally downward, lodging in the spinal column.

Meanwhile, news of the tragedy had reached the Fulton Street pier, where the liner Germanic was scheduled to sail at 9:30. Mrs. Margaret Young awaiting her husband with a group which included a sister, Mrs. William Luce, and Young's diminutive racing partner, John D. Millin, was not told what had happened—only that her husband would not be able to make the boat.

Mrs. Young remained with her sister while Millin hastened to the police station.

When he saw Nan Patterson, he rushed at her and had to be restrained.

"Caesar never killed himself!" he shouted. "He never carried a gun—and if I had a gun I'd kill you—you murderess!"

That was a prejudiced opinion, because Nan Patterson was the only person who knew what happened in Frederick Michael's cab that morning.

FOURTEEN years before, Caesar Young had been a penniless English-born athlete. He died owning considerable real estate on New York's upper West Side, a ranch and breeding farm in California, a stable of horses, and valuable stock in a big race track. His fortune totaled about $700,000.

Early in 1890, a New York City athletic club invited Frank Young to come to America and represent it as a cross-country runner.

Frank accepted, won several events and became a general favorite.

It was a sports writer who gave him the imperial-sounding nickname "Caesar," because of his Romanesque profile and his fine crop of close-fitting curls. He lived at the clubhouse on Fifth Avenue between 43d and 44th Streets.

On Memorial Day, 1890, Caesar was watching the annual parade from a clubhouse window when he saw a tall, extremely good-looking girl swoon on the clubhouse steps. He carried her inside, and when her expressive dark eyes fluttered open, his heart began to do some fluttering, too. Her name was Margaret Becker, and she was the 17-year-old daughter of a well-to-do New Rochelle, N. Y., family.

The Beckers didn't think much of Young or his prospects, but Margaret had found her man, and was not to be denied.

On his wedding day, Young was so broke that he pawned his most valuable possession, a $150 stop-watch, for $50. But he soon found work which made up in income what it may have lacked in strict respectability. He became a bookie.

Backed by the operator of a chain of poolrooms, he and two acquaintances went to New Haven, Conn., and made book for undergraduates at Yale. The trio prospered there, and later in other sporting centers.

Presently, having branched out on his own, Young headed west, followed the Chicago-St. Louis-New Orleans circuit for a couple of years, and finally settled in California. He had acquired a fair bankroll and a small string of thoroughbreds—not to mention a superb judge of horseflesh in the girl he'd married.

In September, 1901, a breeder offered Young two mares at an alleged bargain price. Young paid $2,000 for the pair and sent them to his breeding farm where his wife was supervisor.

The mares weren't likely looking animals, but one of them, Eonic, came of excellent ancestry. Caeser Young entered Eonic in the Burns Handicap, an important race which highlighted the wind-up of the spring horse racing season.

The mare didn't show up well in training, so Young regretfully decided to withdraw her from the event, which was worth $10,000 to the winner.

"Let me start her," said Mrs. Young. "I'm sure I can get her in shape."

Her husband laughed at the idea but told her to go ahead—on her own.

Margaret Young took full charge of Eonic's training, backed the mare at the future book price of 20 to 1 and put a substantial bet on the horse.

Eonic, carrying only 97 pounds, won handily and Mrs. Young collected about $40,000.

Young picked up a block of stock in the California Jockey Club at a very low price and made a lot of money on the deal.

He ran his horses at a profit, too, so that by the middle of his second season in California, Young was well fixed.

All these facts about Caesar Young were well known. What the New York police needed to discover were the facts about the shooting, and the truth about Young's association with the pompadoured Miss Patterson.

Nan Patterson MYSTERY

This looked like a relatively simple task. But it was to prove anything but that

* * *

WHEN Nan entered Coroner Brown's office for questioning four hours after the shooting, she was accompanied by one of the most successful defense lawyers of the day, Abraham Levy, and an associate of his, Philip Waldheimer. Her sister, Julia, and the latter's husband, J. Morgan Smith, were also with her.

Smith had inherited $300,000. After his graduation from Princeton in the late 80s he went abroad, lavished his money on women and horse races, and eventually lost his shirt trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. He returned home as a second-class passenger, on borrowed money and embarrassed his family by cashing worthless checks. The debts were settled, and he dropped out of the limelight.

Upon entering the coroner's office, Miss Patterson recoiled at the sight of Young's blood-stained clothing, and a collection of personal effects found in his pockets.

In response to Coroner Brown's questions, she stated that she was a native of Washington, D. C., that her father was John Randolph Patterson, for many years supervising architect of the United States Treasury Department, and that she had been living with her sister and brother-in-law at the St. Paul hotel, 60th Street and Columbus Avenue, Manhattan.

Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

By Peter Levins

"Do you know of any reason why Mr. Young should commit suicide?" the coroner asked.

"He was a little despondent over money troubles," she said. "I can't think of anything else." (This allegation—that Young had been concerned over money matters—was to be hotly disputed by her adversaries.)

She related that Young had phoned the St. Paul hotel about 7:30 that morning. She had met him and accompanied him in the hansom.

"There was nothing in his manner to indicate suicide?" Brown inquired.

"Nothing."

She said they'd had a drink in a place on 59th Street, and at Kostlang's saloon. Just before the shooting Caesar grabbed her and kissed her, and exclaimed that he would not see her for five months, and perhaps never again. Then she heard the muffled report of a pistol.

"It has been suggested," said Brown, "that the wound could not have been self-inflicted."

"It was," she declared, "and now that he's dead, I have nothing to live for!"

She burst into hysterical weeping.

"How do you know it was a pistol that produced the muffled report you describe?" the coroner asked.

"Because I took it out of his pocket and put it back again," she replied.

"After the shooting?"

"Yes."

* * *

OVER the objections of her attorneys, she was ordered held without bail "on suspicion."

Deputies escorted her to Tombs prison, and as she approached the entrance and saw the iron bars, she fainted.

The case seemed to hang upon the ownership of the gun. If it had belonged to Young, the suspect's version would be strengthened. If it didn't, then it seemed logical to assume that Nan Patterson had carried it in her pocketbook.

The weapon was a .32-calibre, five-chambered, hammerless revolver, and bore the manufacturer's number 74,050. It contained four cartridges, counting the one that had been discharged into Young.

These details of Nan Patterson's background were uncovered on the day of the shooting: Born Washington, D. C., 22 years before. Good family. Well educated. Married Leon Gaines Martin, a hotel clerk, at age of 18. To New York 1901.

Found work with a road company production of "Floradora," popular musical show.

Won place in sextet, whose featured song was "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, Are There Any More at Home Like You?"

Met Young on Pacific-bound train 1902. Seen with him constantly thereafter at California race tracks, hotels and expensive pleasure spots. Divorced husband in 1903, Young paying the bills.

One detail not uncovered until somewhat later was the fact (alleged) that, when she obtained her divorce, Miss Patterson expected Young to do likewise and marry her. Apparently he had made no move in this direction.

Mrs. Young—and numerous others—had learned about the friendship of Caesar and the actress, and had tried to put an end to it. Various friends and in-laws had participated in a campaign, which had culminated in Young's reported agreement to go on "a healing voyage of reconciliation."

Friends of Young, it was said, had offered to pay all expenses if Miss Patterson would go on an extended trip to Japan but she had refused, supposedly because of her devotion to Young and to her dream of one day marrying him.

* * *

DETECTIVES learned that the Youngs, presumably reconciled, had been occupying a cottage at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island racing center, while Miss Patterson had been living with her sister, Julia, and the latter's husband, J. Morgan Smith, at the St. Paul hotel in Manhattan.

The Youngs, having closed up the cottage, had passed the night before the tragedy at the West 140th Street home of Mrs. Young's sister, Mrs. William Luce.

There was evidence that Young's relatives by marriage had been keeping close tabs on him because they feared Miss Patterson's influence and wanted to prevent him from succumbing to it at the eleventh hour. Allegedly he had renounced the girl, yet he had spent much of the previous day and night before his scheduled departure for Europe in her company. And it had been he who made the call which led to the fatal cab ride.

Shortly before noon on Friday, June 3, 1904, Young had called on Nan at the St. Paul and had eaten luncheon with her and the Smiths. He had left at two o'clock for the track at Sheepshead Bay, and had seen more of her there. He stayed for the fifth race, then had gone to the Luce home while Nan returned to the St. Paul hotel.

At the Luce home, Young had joined in a bon voyage dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Luce, Bernard S. McKean and Mrs. McKean (the latter another sister of Margaret Young), and John Millin, the turfman's small and outspoken partner. According to William Luce, Young met Nan later that evening—to get some letters she had.

First accounts of this phase of the case stated that Young met Nan at the 140th Street "L" station, and that the two went to the Colonial hotel bar at 125th Street and Eighth Avenue.

Luce said he "joined" them at this bar at about midnight. He had not "interrupted" them, he said, but "waited around" until they emerged, about one o'clock.

Young wanted to go home, Luce said, but they visited John Flannery's saloon at 125th and Amsterdam Avenue. It was here, according to Luce, that Young told Nan everything was over between them, and that he intended to stand by his wife. Nan insisted that she would not let him go to Europe, and Luce quoted her as saying:

"Caesar Young, there isn't a boat that sails the seven seas with a hold big enough or dark enough to hide you from me tomorrow morning!"

LUCE said that Young tossed a roll of bills across the table, told Nan she could keep in touch with him, and that he would see that she never wanted for anything. She threw the roll back, sobbing that she did not want his money, she wanted him.

This had gone on until three o'clock, by which hour Young had had quite a lot to drink. He left Flannery's and hailed two cabs, one of which was to carry Nan home unescorted. She clung to him in desperate appeal, saying that if he would come home with her she would give him his letters. Young said that he would come for the letters in the morning—then, said Luce, Young struck her in the face and told the waiting cabman to "drive her to hell!"

That cabman, John Crowley, later testified that, some time after three o'clock that morning, two men and a woman hailed him outside Flannery's. One of the men (Young) was quite drunk, the other "in almost the same condition."

Crowley swore that Young ordered Miss Patterson into the cab with curses and threats, slapped her face, and threatened to "knock her head off" if she didn't get into the cab and go. The girl, he recalled, sobbed for the entire 60 blocks to her destination.

This corroboration of Luce's story did not become public until Crowley took the witness stand in court months after the shooting.

During the trial a lame newsboy, Joseph (Hop) Hewitt, swore that he saw Nan and her brother-in-law, Smith, outside Pabst's cafe on 49th Street early on the evening of June 3d, and heard Nan say, "I will not do it," and heard Smith growl, "You must do it!"

Must do what?

* * *

BEFORE the investigation was many hours old, Daniel J. O'Reilly, an influential lawyer, joined the already impressive array of defense counsel. He was engaged by Young Corbett, the featherweight boxing champion.

On Monday the 6th, a New York American headline proclaimed, "PISTOL, KEY TO HANSOM MYSTERY, UNTRACED!"

The story said that Assistant District Attorney Garvan's search for the owner of the death weapon was fruitless. Miss Patterson denied ever laying eyes on the gun; Mrs. Young was positive that her husband had been unarmed. So was John Millin, who said that Caesar never carried a gun.

"It was she—that murderess—who carried the gun!" he cried.

Perhaps, but how explain this:

Nan was asleep when Young phoned the St. Paul hotel on Saturday morning, and her sister had taken his message. He, not she, had arranged this last rendezvous.

And yet

Young had stopped to buy a new hat, hardly the act of a man planning self-destruction. He was shot in the left side—and was right-handed. The gun was found in his coat pocket, and medical experts said that a man with a bullet through his lung and in his spine couldn't put a gun in his pocket.

Then—five days after the shooting—the District Attorney's office made an announcement that cast dubious light on Nan's version of the tragedy. The prosecution had found the pawnbroker who sold the gun the afternoon before the shooting, the buyer answered the description of J. Morgan Smith, Nan's brother-in-law; Mr. Smith and his wife had disappeared.

* * *

(What two juries did after weighing this surprising piece of evidence—and after listening to Nan's own story on the stand—is told in next week's concluding chapter of this celebrated case.)

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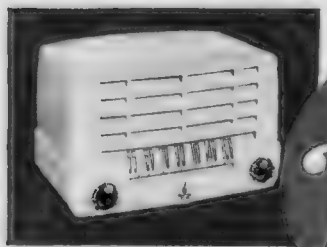

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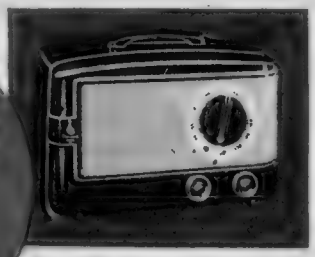

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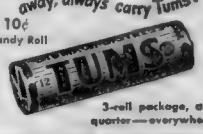

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Hotel-Room Hermit

THE ancient calling of the hermit got something of a black eye recently when New York's famous recluses, the wealthy Collyer brothers, were found dead in their rat-haunted mystery mansion. Every room was crammed with junk and the dirt was indescribable. All who got a glimpse of the place agreed that the two old men were probably the world's worst housekeepers.

From Manchester, England, in reply, has come a story showing that not all recluses live untidy lives. The hero of this story was called the neatest man in Britain. He, too, died recently. And, as in the Collyer case, there was an unexpected finish to the tale.

The man was Simeon Marcus – Cousa. He was stout, immaculate in dress, rich—and incurably shy. His place of retreat for 40 years was Room 302 of Manchester's Midland Hotel. Occasionally he sallied out briefly on weekdays to see to his cotton merchandising business.

He almost never emerged nights, Sundays or holidays. Four decades of hotel servants knew him as the man who never came to dinner. All his meals were served in his suite—and for 30 years waiter Hal Rimmer bore the tray.

"Very nervous 'e was the first year until 'e got used to me," Rimmer recalled. "'E wanted everything just so, but once I learned his likes 'e let me select all his meals."

Two generations of chambermaids learned that Cousa wanted them around as little as possible. He kept his quarters so neat they could find no excuse for lingering. One ambitious widow who forced her gabby conversation on him found herself transferred to another floor.

Only Etienne Cottet, the hotel's manager, ever talked at length with the retiring guest. He discovered that Cousa the Rumanian-born, spoke three languages and was a cultured man of the world, though he wanted to see as little of it and its inhabitants as possible.

Cousa showed the manager files neatly packed with papers. "In there," he said proudly, "are receipts for every penny I've spent in the last 40 years."

Then one day the shy lodger died as quietly as he lived. Solicitors, examining his papers, found his spending fully accounted for. All business papers were in order. But the overly meticulous recluse had failed in the thing the lawyers considered most important of all: he left no will!

To date relatives have been located at such distant points as Philadelphia, Toronto and Bucharest. Distribution of his sizable fortune promises to be a No. 1 legal headache. Methodical Mr. Cousa would crawl deeper into his grave if he knew the tangle that's been created because he was too shy and secretive to visit a lawyer and talk about the disposition of his fortune when his lonely life came to an end.

The Recluse Never Ate Dinner in the Hotel Dining Room, and for 30 Years the Same Waiter Served Him in the Privacy of His Own Suite.

Modern William Tell

IT'S a tense scene in Rossini's opera William Tell when Tell, the Swiss patriot, is forced by a German tyrant to shoot an apple off the head of his beloved only son, Jemmy, with a bowgun.

Tell, you'll recall, aims with care and, fortunately, his arrow strikes the apple right in the middle.

But there's a man in Australia who cuts the cast down to just one person by playing both William Tell and Jemmy. He's Frank Donnellan, and he does it by putting an apple on top of his head (as Jemmy) and then hurling out a boomerang, or native throwing stick (as Jemmy's dad).

The curved stick circles out in an arc and then whirls back, neatly knocking the apple off Donnellan's head. Plenty of others can throw a boomerang and make it return to their hands. Only Donnellan can add the extra twist that brings it back just a couple of inches over his head.

Now and then Donnellan has to duck a fraction to make sure the stick hits the apple and not his noggin. But he hasn't missed the softer target yet. Having worked his skill up to such perfection that even native black trackers are amazed, Donnellan hopes to go abroad soon and give performances.

Yes...he's used to the best!

Guns from Abercrombie & Fitch Co.

He pays $1000 for his Purdey shotgun...

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more than just a tonic—it's POWERFUL NOURISHMENT!—and good tasting!

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MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND SCOTT'S BECAUSE: 1. Rich in *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil, *powerful* nourishment. 2. *Easy to take, economical* 3. *Four times easier to digest* than plain cod liver oil, *exclusive process*. 4. Helps children have strong bones, sound teeth, a sturdy frame. *Today* some—buy good tasting Scott's at your drug store.

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The navel guides you to 3 extras

RICHER FLAVOR

Juice or eating, only the California *navel* orange gives you richer, true-orange flavor. That comes from the rare combination of fertile soil, sparkling mountain water, sunny days and cool nights. It means more enjoyment for you. *That's one extra!*

MORE VITAMINS

Only California *navel* orange juice gives you more vitamins per glass. More vitamin C, more A, more calcium. Helpful amounts of other minerals and B vitamins are also supplied. This means more health for your family. *That's two extras!*

NO SEEDS

Only *navel* oranges are truly seedless. They are easy to peel, slice and section. Enjoy them for juice, recipes, lunch boxes and between-meal snacks. They are the only winter oranges you can use in every way. *That's three extras!*

Greet the Sun with a SMILE!

Try this tonight for Morning Freshness

How long since you bounced out of bed and smiled back at the sun—glad to be alive? If it's been some time, why not try this? Just drink a cup of warm Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Reason is, Ovaltine at bedtime promotes sound sleep entirely without drugs. It also supplies *specially processed* food elements to restore vigor and freshness while you sleep. Besides, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most of us should have for buoyant good health.

All in all, it's a 3-way aid to better sleep and morning freshness—so try it tonight!

OVALTINE

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- Do you know the *proved* way to relieve the stabbing, nagging pains of muscular backache?
- Doctors have made tests with hundreds of people. Found that nearly 9 out of 10 gained relief with Johnson's Back Plaster—the one product made specifically for relieving ordinary backache.
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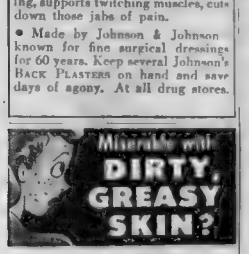
- Made by Johnson & Johnson—known for fine surgical dressings for 60 years. Keep several Johnson's Back Plasters on hand and save days of agony. At all drug stores.



Dry those tears, erase that frown! If you have "hard-to-clean" skin do what so many others do to get radiant, clean complexions. They use Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Here's what to do.

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POMPEIAN
Milk Massage Cream

Read Sally Young's
CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS
in this issue

Strange Legacy

SHE was a wide-eyed young secretary in the big city and, as she clung to the straps on the careening subway, she dreamed of romance and the dream-world of books.

He was an aging British literary figure, author of lush, imaginative novels, intellectual essays and poetry.

Yet these two people, dissimilar in nearly every way, shared an association which lasted nearly 20 years, and which resulted in a teen-event is historical in the diary of my life," wrote Shiel. From then on, news of Patrick filled much of the correspondence.

It was a surprise, however, when Mrs. Miller heard recently that Shiel, who died this year at the age of 81, had willed his home to Patrick. The author frequently had hinted at his intention to leave the house to the boy, but the idea had been too much for Mrs. Miller to take seriously.

Nobody Was More Surprised Than the Brooklyn Mother, When the Old English Author Willed His Country Home to Her Son.

aged, healthy Brooklyn boy becoming the owner of an old country house in Sussex, England.

Stranger still, they never met.

The story of the postal comradeship between the dignified English writer and the Brooklyn secretary began 17 years ago, when Mrs. Annamarie Miller sat down and wrote the first fan letter of her life. She had been reading the works of Matthew Phipps Shiel, the British novelist, for six years, and could no longer resist writing him of the regard she had for his work.

SOMETHING in her letter went straight to the heart of the novelist. He was 65 years old, no longer doing much writing, and perhaps he was lonely. He wrote back, and the correspondence began.

Clutching her subway strap on the way to work each day, Mrs. Miller thought only how proud she was that this intellectual had answered her gushing little letter.

In her third letter to him, she commented on life in a Brooklyn apartment house. In his answer, the English author, who lived in his quiet Sussex house, expressed horror at her description. He jocularly suggested that she come live with him—and then remembered that he did not know whether his American fan was married.

Yes, she wrote back, she was married, and quite happily, to Thomas E. Miller, proprietor of an auto repair shop.

After that the correspondence was cordial and understanding, but neither ever suffered any romantic delusions about the other.

Thirteen years ago Mrs. Miller's only child, Thomas Patrick, was born. "The worst of it is," Mrs. Miller says, "that we just can't afford to keep it. Even if we paid the taxes, put the house in good shape, and found a tenant for it, we still couldn't collect the rent. You can't get money out of England now."

Patrick's own inclination is to keep the house. A level-headed, athletic boy who prefers tinkering with machinery to reading, he still gets a kick out of owning a house in England. He hopes that maybe there'll be some way to keep it as a Summer home, but at present that doesn't look promising.

"At any rate," says Mrs. Miller, "I never expected or wanted any more out of our correspondence than I got. The thought that Mr. Shiel would leave Patrick his home because of our postal friendship is just as thrilling to me as the tangible proof of it. He was a fine man."

IN ALL, she received about 50 letters from Shiel and sent about as many. During the war she curtailed the correspondence.

"I sent him food and clothing, however, and much of it arrived there safely," she recalls.

Shiel thanked her in his poetic-sounding prose, but pleaded with her not to do too much for him.

"Thanks, you dear," he wrote in acknowledgment of a shipment of tobacco. "I kiss your hand. But, oh, the trouble you've gone to! You won't send any more, will you?"

He thanked her not only for the tangible things she sent.

"You write wonderfully interesting letters," he wrote early in the correspondence. "To me, anyway, and I cannot read them without a throb."

"For a while there you had me worried — you were so quiet! They tell me you coo just like any other baby, but you sound wonderful to me!"

Mom's coming and so's MENNEN! A bath seems to be coming up with a famous finale—a Mennen Baby Oil smoothdown! Mennen is the original *antiseptic* baby oil. Over 3300 hospitals use it on newborn babies. And the majority of doctors recommend *antiseptic* baby oil.

Helps prevent many skin irritations because it's antiseptic. Mennen Baby Oil helps protect baby from chafing, urine irritation, diaper rash, roughness — many other skin discomforts. Use Mennen Antiseptic Baby Oil after every bath, at every diaper change.

Baby loves NEW Mennen Baby Powder, too! So soft, so white, so fragrant! Helps prevent and relieve diaper rash, prickly heat, urine irritation, chafing. Helps absorb excessive perspiration. Borated, for extra protection.

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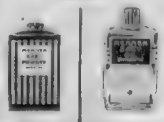

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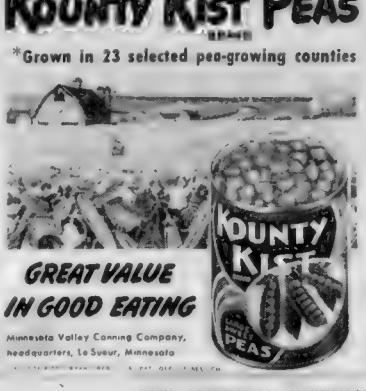

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***The Royal Scot*—$4.35 at best dept., drug and men's stores.**
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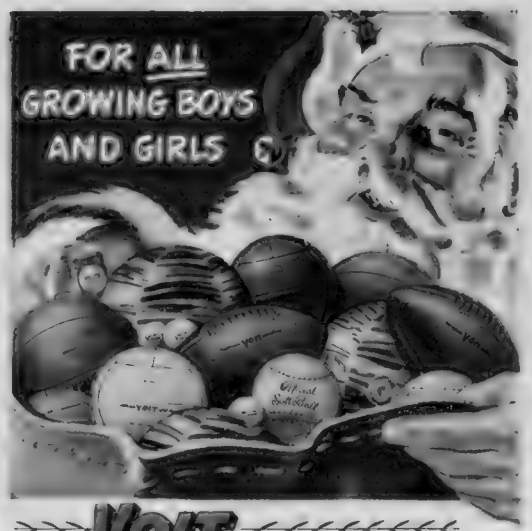

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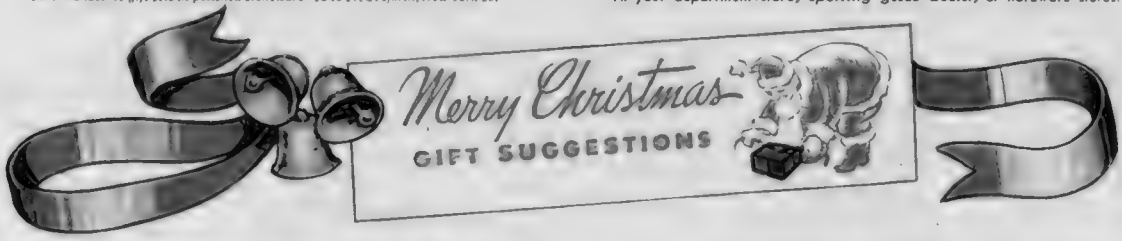
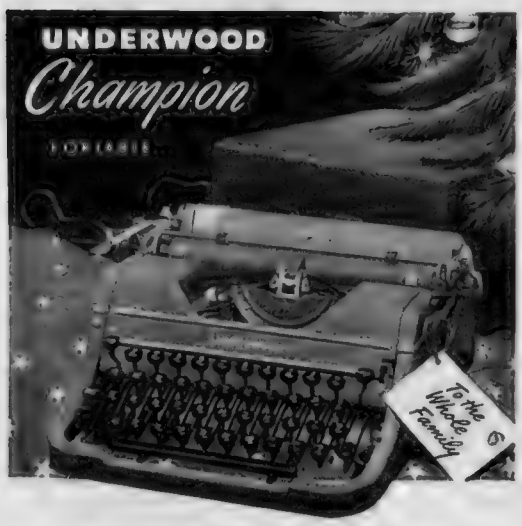
At your department store, sporting goods dealer, or hardware stores.





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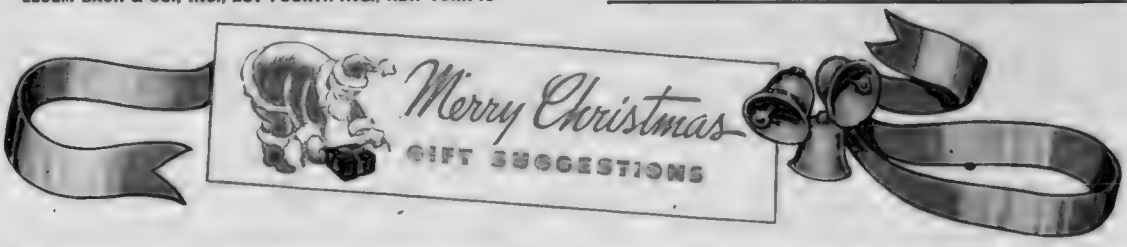

These are the two she wants. The Single Action Juice-O-Mat! A miracle in action! Just *half* a turn and almost effortless pressure gets the juice from oranges, lemons, limes, grapefruit. The Deluxe Can-O-Mat. Streamlined. No levers . . . turn forward to cut . . . reverse to release the can. Most beautiful can opener ever made. Buy early at local dealer's, hardware or department store.

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STRATFORD REGENCY PEN AND PENCIL SET in beautiful gift package

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Victoria
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Always ask your jeweler for VICTORIA

Puzzling Pussycat

THE way of a cat with a mouse is an old story usually a short and brutal one for the mouse. For that reason it's astonishing how a baby mouse—later named Daniel—fared the other day when he squeezed through a crack in a London kitchen and wandered innocently over to a box in which Lotus, a happy mother cat, was grooming her five new kittens.

Ordinarily any member of the rodent family wouldn't have lasted more than a few seconds with Lotus. She has all the killer instincts of her kind and is even tougher than most. Once she took a dislike to a Commando who was visiting her home and bit him in the nose. Few other cats were ever so bold.

When Daniel strayed into this miniature lions' den, however, it was his good fortune that Lotus's heart was filled at the moment with mother love. There wasn't room for any other feeling.

So Lotus, instead of sinking her steely claws into the wanderer and gobbling him up, merely reached out a padded paw and softly hauled him into her family circle.

From then on she fed, washed and cuffed the little mouse regularly, along with her kittens, and if Daniel didn't like being washed that way it was just too bad.

Aside from the unaccustomed scrubbings, Daniel speedily formed a keen affection for the natural enemy whose maternal instincts had been so strangely aroused in his favor. He slept for hours cradled between Lotus's protective paws, and cuddled close to her at night.

His feline foster brothers and sisters grew faster than Daniel and soon became too rough and boisterous, not only for Daniel but for Lotus. Their owners, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Walmsley, finally had to provide a special box for the kittens to play in.

The Little Mouse Gets His Periodic Washings—Along With the Rest of the Cat's Family—and If He Doesn't Like It, It's Too Bad.

For Daniel's benefit a little bed of cotton was placed in a nearby cupboard and the door was left open just wide enough for him to squeeze through.

When the kittens get too obstreperous for him the little mouse retires to his own den.

But as the chill of evening descends, Daniel creeps out of the cupboard. He bypasses the kittens' box and runs, happily and trustingly, to Lotus.

She gives him a mother pat, licks his face, and the two then snuggle up for the night.

Only time can tell what the end will be. But the Walmsleys are confident that so long as Daniel doesn't feel the urge to rejoin his blood kin, and so long as he remains her ward and companion, Lotus—the mouser oddly turned mother to a mouse—will never harm him.

They Pray for Animals

NOT all the worry and anguish suffered by the humans of this world is occasioned by their own troubles or by those of their fellow-men. In recognition of this fact, a special monthly service has been established at St. Michael's Church, in Wood Green, North London—for animal lovers.

At these services, held on the last Tuesday of every month, special prayers are offered for pets reported ailing or lost.

Thus, at a recent gathering, prayers were voiced for a circus snake believed to be suffering from earache, for six dogs stricken by distemper and for a pet frog lost by a small boy.

The services for pets were started over a year ago at the request of a St. Michael's parishioner who won the gold medal of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals by risking his life repeatedly during the Nazi blitz to rescue more than 1,000 dogs, cats, parrots and other pets trapped in the ruins of bombed buildings.

The innovation at St. Michael's brought frowns from some of Britain's more conservative churchmen. But others strongly defended the rector who initiated the services. A prominent London clergyman said:

"Certainly. He who observes the fall of the sparrow will not take it amiss that man—whose vaunted supremacy looks pretty shabby after two world wars—pauses now to offer an humble prayer for his friends of the animal, bird, fish and reptile kingdoms. We are all His creatures."

When baby fusses because of
"Childhood Constipation"

...give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your cheerful child whines and wails...when she fusses merely because of "Childhood Constipation"... why not do the wise thing?

Give her Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet, it's so gentle it won't upset her sensitive digestive system.

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Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

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Get Fletcher's Castoria at your drugstore today. Look for the green band on the package. It identifies the original and genuine product.

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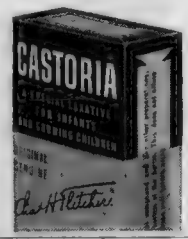

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Woodbury Special
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Teen-Age Tempest

More Boos for Monsieur Boreau

By URSULA TROW

TEENERS all over the country are still a-fussin' and a-fumin' about that letter from Andre Boreau, the French lad who thinks American teen-agers are sloppy, lazy, ignorant barbarians. He says that our teeners have no knowledge of the great masters of music and art.

Several vehement objectors, including **Barbara Wise** of Richmond, Calif., **Mallie LeBlanc** of San Jose, Calif., and **Evelyn Hanzel** of Madson, Wis., remind Andre that many young Americans are accomplished musicians, and that our enthusiasm for modern swing music doesn't mean that we have no appreciation of the great composers.

Teen-Age Girls All Over the Country Wonder How Anyone Can Accuse Them of Not Getting Enough Fresh Air.

Clark Twedt of Ravensdale, Wash., **June Ellis** of Corpus Christi, Tex., and **June Schonour** of Reading, Pa., wonder why Europeans, if they think we're such barbarians (according to Andre), envy our high standards of living.

As for all that make-up Andre said all American girls wear, **Lois Harvil** of Riverton, Ill., and **Rita Gray** of Phoenix, Ariz., deny it. It's current schoolgirl style to look healthy and fresh, they say, and most teeners wear only a little lipstick.

B. Mordikoff of Albany N. Y., and **Louise Henner** of Brookline, Mass., take issue with Andre when he says American girls don't get enough fresh air. They wonder where he's been that he hasn't seen them swimming, hiking, playing tennis, riding hikes and horses, skating and skiing.

"So Andre thinks we're lazy," writes **Joan Gaffiedo** of Malden, Mass. "Well, my mother works all day and I take care of three brothers and a sister and keep house."

Irene Fisher, a Michigan girl, asks Andre where Europe would be today if it hadn't been for all those "lazy" American teen-agers fighting in the armed services and working in various jobs on the home front.

Mary Sue Lane, Helen Bell and Patsy Freeman of Dublin, Ga., say they never have seen an American teen-ager anywhere near as vain as Andre himself.

"We are nice, wholesome girls," says **Lois Slane** of Severna Park, Md., "and it's plain to see that Andre Boreau knows little about us."

Arline S. H. and **Jeanne M. J.** of Pottsville, Pa., write: "We think it's a lot more civilized to go around dressed in dungarees and plaid shirts than in the bathing suits some French girls wear."

"Sure American girls think they're the beauties of the world," writes **Albert Brown** of Los Angeles, "and American boys agree."

Dolly Frankoski and **Joan Beshada** of Du Bois, Pa., say they have several pen pals in Europe who do not consider them barbarians.

Roberta F. Balder of Philadelphia, Pa., thinks there was something lacking in Andre's European education to make him write such an inaccurate and ill-mannered letter about American teen-agers.

Most everybody, like **Patsy Bathurst** of Baltimore, suggested that Andre go back where he came from if he doesn't like what he sees in America.

Now that you teen-agers have been exposed to an outsider's opinion, how about a little healthy self-criticism? What are your shortcomings—if any—and what do you think can be done about them? Write to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Married Too Young?

WE HAVE a letter from Ellie Buck of East Dennis, Mass., who got married at 16, because her parents insisted she give up her beau or marry him. She's been happily married for 15 years she says, but, she writes, "the first five years were hell on earth, because we had two baby boys before I was 19, and we struggled along in a small apartment on a small income, while our old crowd was dancing, doing the clubs or taking joy rides, going to concerts, etc. We missed all that. True, we had a noble purpose and a fine family, but most of our friends have these things, too, and they also had their fling.

"Sixteen is terribly young for marriage," says Ellie, hoping that her story will make teen-age girls think twice before taking this important step.

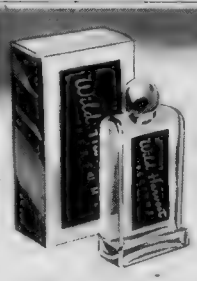
Do you think she was silly or smart? Send your letters to the Teen-Age Editor

"Soaping" dulls hair
Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

•Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. • Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. • Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! • Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! • Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! • Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! • Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!



The NEWEST perfume and the most thrilling!
Wild Harvest
by Park & Tilford

• • • • you will adore "Wild Harvest" . . . the new and exciting Park & Tilford creation. It's a *daring* perfume . . . truly the perfume of youth! You will find "Wild Harvest" wherever fine perfumes are sold. 39¢ for an exquisite, purse-size flacon.

CATCHING COLD?

TRY THE Alka-Seltzer

A B C

COLD COMFORT TREATMENT

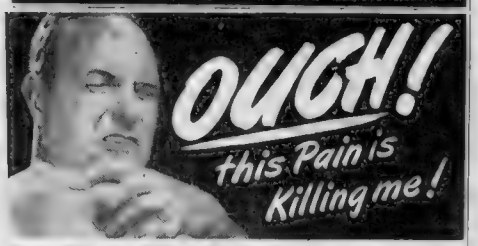
A **Alka-Seltzer.** To relieve that headache-y, feverish, ache-all-over feeling, start taking Alka-Seltzer—as directed on the package.

B **Be careful.** Dress warmly; avoid drafts and exposure; get plenty of sleep and eat wisely.

C **Comfort** the raw, raspy throat which so often accompanies a cold by gargling with Alka-Seltzer. You'll like the relief it brings.

30c and 60c—at all drug stores, U.S. and Canada

Alka-Seltzer



New SLOAN'S BALM Proved Twice As Effective As Other Leading Balms!

"SUPER-SLOAN" TO THE RESCUE!
WATCH ME BRING QUICK RELIEF FROM ACHES and PAINS!
MAN ALIVE, THAT FEELS GOOD! THE PAIN IS EASING UP ALREADY!

Here's Faster Relief for the Aches and Pains of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica!

New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much *faster* . . . penetrates *deeper* . . . gives *longer-lasting* relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 101, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S INSTANT BALM

Made by SLOAN'S—Famous Name in Pain Relief

Letters to the Editor

SINCE I'm originally from there your article "Rainbow Over Chicago" interested me very much. I used to work across the street from Colosimo's Restaurant at 21st and Wabash. To think that "Murder, Inc." reigned where I used to work is incredible.

If only those few old buildings could talk—what a story they could tell! It makes me very happy to hear that Chicago has a clean slate, and that the new mayor is doing so much.

Your magazine is inspiring. I enjoy it very much and it should be a "must" for everyone. Keep up the good work.

Mrs. R. E. Peloke
Catskill, N. Y.

* * *

The articles in your "My Faith" series have been most inspirational to me and my family. They bear re-reading from time to time as a morale booster in these difficult times. If possible, I'd like a booklet of them for my library. In a few years, our son will be old enough to read them and understand their meaning in relation to good living.

William Bartholomew
Portland, Ore.

(A booklet has been sent to Reader Bartholomew. —Ed.)

* * *

I would like very much to get a copy of your article, "Edith Sterling's Devoted Eyes." Miss Sterling, who died on March 15, was a very dear friend of mine and we worked at the same table making surgical dressings during the war.

As your article stated, before her death she arranged to give her eyes to someone who couldn't see.

Annie R. Pillion
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Reader Pillion has been sent a copy of the story of her friend.—Ed.)

* * *

After reading your story about Adrian Gordon, the Little Chicago genius who is developing her mind in a special school, I wondered how many other children like her there are in this country. I'm glad she's getting her chance at higher education while still young.

According to tests at Columbia University, my son Donald could have entered high school at the age of 10. At 18 months, he knew his ABC's. At 4, he studied geography from an 8th-grade text. Before he went to school he knew the capitals of 600 countries, and could draw maps. When he was 8, he was on the platform with the Quiz Kids during a War Bond Drive. Since 9 he has studied astronomy and hopes to teach it some day.

I never had much education myself, but I've learned far more from Donald than I ever did in school. Yet he's a normal boy and plays baseball and football.

These children should all have special education so that they, in turn, might help other young geniuses realize their dreams.

Mrs. D. Swan
Queens Village, N. Y.

* * *

I was in New York at the time Harry K. Thaw was tried for the killing of Stanford White, and was in Lowell, Massachusetts when Thaw escaped to New Hampshire. So you can appreciate what a surprise I got when I saw the whole story told in The American Weekly. It brought back so many memories.

Mrs. William Ogilvie
Petitcodiac, N. B. Canada.

* * *

Willy Pogany's illustrations for your series "Geraint and Enid" are of a fascinating order. They are works of art in themselves even without the Erskine stories—and are worthy of being perpetuated in our best galleries. I hope that they will be.

Mr. Pogany's faces of European and Oriental women down through the ages are true to historical accuracy. Poets and authors of the past had such small, oval faces in mind when they visualized the heroines of their deathless tales.

Clarence E. Heller
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

In teaching safety, I am making a booklet of pictures and articles to show safety principles to third-grade pupils. Could you send me any articles which might serve my purpose?

Mrs. Joyce White
Chicago, Ill.

(Teacher White has been sent several American Weekly articles on this important subject.—Ed.)

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Lifting the 4-F Stigma

NEARLY 5,000,000 men rejected by the armed forces as "4-F" in the last war, have remained in civilian life under the burden of false stigma. Most of them could have served in some non-combat phase of the war effort. Today, the Army realizes that such classifications were a mistake, and is acting to see that it doesn't happen again.

Standards will be set for all jobs and the soldier will be fitted to the job.

In this way the Army hopes to reduce the number of psychiatric discharges. Privately, many Army medical officers admit that they went overboard on psychiatry during the last war by pinning the "neuropsychiatric" label on 379,486 dischargees.

The key to the new classification system is a set of physical and mental standards known as "pulheems."

This system may affect millions of Americans some day. For the full story, read "The Stigma Is Lifted From the 4-F's" next week.

JAMES LEWIS KRAFT, one of this country's most successful business men, has never forgotten a day when he was peddling cheese in a horse-drawn wagon. He was $3,000 in debt and a failure. He wondered what was the matter with him when he heard a voice say, "You are working without God." The next Sunday he joined a church and became an active worker in the parish. Since then his luck—with the help of a lively mind and hard work—has been spectacular.

He is internationally known for his religious leadership. His hobby is a mountain of jade. Don't miss "The Vision of James Kraft" in next week's issue.

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Master II
EXPOSURE METER

Every time he uses his camera, he'll remember you and your gift of a WESTON Exposure Meter. For with a WESTON his pictures will be correctly exposed . . . clear, brilliant. Used with any camera, any film. Gift-wrapped at leading photo-dealers.

the meter most photographers use

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EYE-GENE
Gives SAFE Relief In SECONDS!

You'll be amazed how quickly safe, gentle EYE-GENE acts to relieve tired, overworked eyes. Two drops of EYE-GENE's EYE GENE is gentle and safe. Use everyday . . . 4 oz. \$1.65 at drug counters. Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

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A Message to Women

Count on soothing Resinol for amazing relief from such periodic torment. Medicated for quick, gentle action and long-lasting comfort.

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

BLISTEX
A famous pharmacist's formula
for COLD SORES and fever blisters
IMMEDIATE RELIEF

This year alone more than a million women have entered the contests for fashions which are featured in every issue of The American Weekly.

PROVES WONDERFUL FOR
ITCHING SKIN RASH!

First applications of Zemo—a doctor's wonderful stainless, *invisible* antiseptic promptly relieve itching, burning of Skin Rashes, Eczema, Pimples and similar surface skin and scalp irritations. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Backed by an amazing record of *continuous* success! First trial convinces. In 5 sizes.

ZEMO

Help Yourself to Good Taste

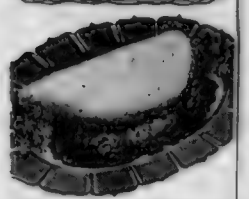
Hospitality lives in every heart, but Christmas provides a special occasion to express it. When family and friends get together, Christmas is as flavorful as it is gay. The table laden with plump fowl and delicious dressing, cranberry sauce, succulent vegetables, snowflake potatoes with giblet gravy... and Budweiser! Golden, bubbling sparkling, foaming... Budweiser! It tells you with every sip why it is something more than beer . . . a tradition in hospitality.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
SAINT LOUIS

RECIPE ROW
featuring
PABST-ETT
and other PHENIX foods



PABST-ETT JELLY OMELET

1 pkg. Pabst-ett
⅓ cup milk
4 eggs
Salt, Pepper
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
Tart jelly

Melt the Pabst-ett Cheese Food in top of double boiler. Gradually add the milk; stir until mixture is smooth. Beat egg yolks in a bowl, add seasonings to taste, and slowly blend in the Pabst-ett mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, and pour into skillet in which the butter or margarine has been melted. Cook slowly until done. Place in slow oven, 300°, a few moments to dry top. Spread half of omelet with tart jelly, fold other half over it, and serve immediately.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

Luncheon hint: Grilled Pabst-ett and Bacon Sandwiches! Make plenty—Pabst-ett's mild, mellow cheddar cheese flavor makes sandwiches taste so good! Serve Pabst-ett Cheese Food often for the good milk nourishment it provides. Extra easy to digest!

Try these Phenix favorites, too!

There's a tempting array of seven delicious *Phenix Cream and Cheese Spreads* for "quickie" sandwiches and snacks. There's wonderful *Phenix Process American Cheese* for toasted sandwiches . . and there's the economical two-pound Phenix Tasty Loaf for cheese food treats to your heart's content. You'll find PABST-ETT quality in *all* PHENIX foods.

Phenix Pabst-ett Company, Chicago 90

For the best Brown Gravy You Ever Tasted

GRAVY MASTER
makes gravy as you like it
RICH · BROWN · FULL-BODIED

Household Almanac — Amy Alden

Top of the Stove Dinners

EVEN if yours is only a two-burner range you can prepare these dishes. In fact, they were escepially planned with a small space in mind. Each one requires only a minimum of fuss and bother and only one cooking utensil.

Beans with frankfurters, pressure pan potatoes and red cabbage with apples are dishes that take little time to prepare and make a good dinner. For more leisurely cooking, beef stew can't be beat. Make plenty so there will be some to warm up the next day. Good stew flavors always are brought out by a few hours in the refrigerator. Boiled spareribs and sauerkraut go well with pressure pan potatoes.

The pineapple biscuit shortcake has been worked out for the tiny space with no oven, too, and for the time when nothing but a shortcake will satisfy the family's sweet tooth.

Beef Stew

1½ lbs. boneless beef, chuck or round cut in 1½" pieces
4 tbsps. flour
3 tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 peeled clove garlic, minced (optional)
3 tbsps. fat or salad oil
1 cup minced onions
3 cups boiling water
1 bay leaf
½ tsp. celery seed
8 pared small carrots
4 pared small white potatoes
½ lb. string beans
¼ cup minced parsley

Roll meat in a blend of 2 tbsps. flour, 1 tsp. salt and pepper. Cook garlic in 2 tbsps. fat in a deep kettle 2 min. Add meat and brown. Add onions, and cook 4 min. while stirring. Remove meat, add 1 tbsp. fat and brown 2 tbsps. flour in it. Stir in boiling water and cook until thickened. Add 1 tsp. salt, meat, bay leaf, and celery seed. Cover; simmer 2 hrs. Add 1 tsp. salt, carrots, potatoes, and beans cut crosswise. Cover; simmer tender — about 20-30 min. Add parsley. Serves 4. Cooked noodles or rice may replace the potatoes.

Pigs Knuckles with Cabbage

4 pigs knuckles
5 tsps. salt
1 cup celery tops
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp. peppercorns (8 to 10)
1 minced, peeled clove garlic
1 medium head green cabbage cut in wedges 2" wide

Wash pigs knuckles; then cover with boiling water and add 3 tsps. salt, celery tops, bay leaf, peppercorns, and garlic. Cover and simmer 2 hrs., or until tender. Then add cabbage and remaining 2 tsps. salt; cover and cook 10 min. longer, or until cabbage is tender. Lift cabbage and pigs knuckles from kettle to platter, reserving liquid to use as a base for vegetable or minestrone soup. Serves 4.

Beans with Frankfurters

4 frankfurters
2½ cups canned or home cooked baked beans
¼ cup India relish

Simmer frankfurters in boiling water to cover 5 min. Drain, slice thin, then combine with the beans and relish. Heat and serve. This serves 4.

Pressure Saucepan Scalloped Potatoes

1 cup milk
2 tbsps. butter or fortified margarine
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
4 medium pared, white potatoes
1 peeled onion, thinly sliced

Pour milk into pressure saucepan, add butter, salt, and pepper. Slice the potatoes and onions into the saucepan. Cover, cook at 15 lbs. pressure 2 min. Remove from heat; reduce pressure quickly, according to manufacturer's directions. Makes 3 servings.

A Good Stew Is Twice as Appetizing When It Is Nicely Served.

Red Cabbage with Apples

1 head red cabbage, 2½ lbs.
¾ cup boiling water
3 large cooking apples
3 tbsps. melted butter or fortified margarine
¼ cup vinegar
1½ tsps. flour
¼ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 tsps. salt
Speck pepper.

Finely shred cabbage, discarding core and tough portions. Add the boiling water and cook covered 20 min. or until cabbage is tender. 10 min. before cabbage is done, add peeled, cored and sliced apples, and cook 10 minutes longer. Then add remaining ingredients, combined, tossing lightly with a fork. Heat and serve. Serves 6.

Boiled Spareribs and Sauerkraut

1 qt. or 2 lbs. sauerkraut
3 lbs. spareribs
Boiling water

Drain off any brine that may come with sauerkraut. Then put spareribs and drained sauerkraut in a deep kettle. Cover with boiling water, and simmer for 1 hr. or until spareribs are tender. Then drain off liquor and serve. Serves 4.

Tripe in Tomato Sauce

1½ lbs. fresh honecomb tripe
5 cups boiling water
½ cup minced onion
1 clove garlic, minced
2 tbsps. fat or oil
3 tbsps. flour
1½ tsps. salt
1 tsp. granulated sugar
½ tsp. curry powder
⅛ tsp. pepper
1½ cups tomatoes, canned
1 beef bouillion cube

Wash tripe. Cut in ½" pieces. Simmer covered, in 4 cups boiling water for 1 hr. or until tender. Saute onion and garlic in fat until tender. Stir in flour salt, sugar, curry powder, and pepper — stir in tomatoes and remaining 1 cup boiling water in which bouillion cube has been dissolved. Cook until thickened. Add tripe. Heat and serve.

Creamed Potatoes and Peas

2 cups medium white sauce
12 tiny potatoes, cooked or canned
2 cups cooked peas

Combine potatoes and peas in skillet, pour over white sauce made with 3 tbsps. flour, season with salt and pepper, and heat. Serves 6.

Pineapple Biscuit Shortcake

2 cups sifted flour
3 tsps. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
6 tbsps. shortening
3 tbsps. sugar
⅔ cup milk

Sift dry ingredients, cut in shortening until the mixture is like coarse cornmeal. Add enough of the milk, while stirring with a fork, to make a soft dough that can be handled. Turn onto lightly floured board, and knead lightly about ½ min. Then pat into sheet about ½" thick. Cut into rounds and place on a greased skillet over a medium heat on top of the range, cover, and cook 8 min. Turn biscuits and cook about 8 min. on other side, or until done. Split biscuits with a fork and butter while hot, then spoon a serving of fruit mixture over each biscuit half.

4 cups sweetened, canned crushed pineapple, or 4 cups sliced bananas with sweetened crushed strawberries and topped with whipped cream or ice cream

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (62) New England Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- ☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
- ☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
- ☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
- ☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
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- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
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- ☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- ☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
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- ☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
- ☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
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- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
- ☐ (88) Almanac Potato Recipes
- ☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- ☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- ☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- ☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers
- ☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

TWO twists to make toast a treat!

1st twist

Make PARKAY TOASTED TWISTIES this easy

White bread Parkay Margarine

From a loaf of fresh bread (unsliced), cut lengthwise slices one-half inch thick. Trim crusts. Cut each slice into strips one-half inch wide. Tie each strip into a loose knot. Brush with melted Parkay Margarine and toast in broiler or hot oven, 450°, until lightly browned.

Serve at once, adding a second flavor twist to make them taste extra good.

2nd twist

Serve with delicious money-saving PARKAY

A pat of Parkay Margarine . . . a flick of your knife . . . and you're ready to "tie into" some wonderfully good eating, at a wonderful saving in your food budget. Millions serve economical Parkay every day, because millions prefer its finer, fresher flavor. Parkay Margarine is made from choice products of American farms . . . made extra good for you with 15,000 (U.S.P. XII) units of vitamin A in every pound.

Parkay is pure white when you buy it. To make it an appetizing yellow, simply add the certified coloring you get with each package. KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, Chicago 90, Illinois.

★★★★ Tune in the Great Gildersleeve every Wednesday on NBC—8:30 P.M. Eastern Time. Broadcast again at 8:30 P.M. Pacific Time

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food tips

AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS

BY Betty Crocker

Minneapolis, Dec. 5. Want to eat well . . . cut food bills, too? This adv. food column . . . brings you practical help from our staff at General Mills

Winners for Tuesday or Any Day

Main dish shortcakes are tempting, hearty. Grand way to dress up left-overs or stretch meat! No waste: for small family, make only half of recipe. So easy with Bisquick, as recipe is so simple. Just milk and Bisquick. See what light, tender shortcakes you get!

Chives Biscuits: So delicious as individual shortcakes for left-over beef or veal! Heat meat in gravy, adding left-over cooked vegetables. To shortcake recipe on Bisquick package, add 2 tbsp. chopped chives. Do try *soon*.

Creamed Chipped Beef: Sauté chipped beef till edges curl. Add to white sauce, with cooked cut green beans. Tasty meat-stretcher.

Eggs a la King: To creamed eggs add chopped pimiento, sliced stuffed olives, cooked green peas

Other thrifty treats on Bisquick package: waffles and pancakes you can use for tempting main dishes. Tender crust for meat rolls, chicken pies. Good results surer than with tedious old-style methods. Why not use Bisquick *regularly?*

• • •

Starring the Hearty Dessert. If lunch or dinner is on the slim side, top it off with a warm spicy apple pie. Plump juicy apples, with a luscious, tart-sweet flavor. In flaky, meltingly tender pastry. That's the kind of apple pie you get every time with Pyequick, our wonderful new product that gives you apple slices, plus piecrust mix, in one package.

You don't peel apples or cut in shortening. For your filling, just add water and sugar to the apple slices and spice that come in larger carton in Apple PYEQUICK package. Amazing—those apple slices! Crisp, plump, cream-colored. Quick-dried. Rich piecrust mix in smaller carton. Pie is ready for the oven in 15 minutes!

Magic "Mince" Pies A speedy, thrifty variation. Fragrant, spicy, not too rich. Here's all you do:

Add and soak 10 min. with Pyequick apple slices . . . . . ½ cup raisins

Proceed with Pyequick pastry (directions on box).

Add with sugar to apples and raisins . . . . . 1 tsp. molasses
½ tsp. cloves
¼ tsp. mace
⅛ tsp. salt

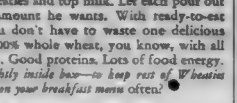
Pour into pastry-lined pie plate. Dot with 1 tbsp. butter. Place top crust over filling. Fold edge of pastry under bottom crust. Seal by making fluted edge. Bake 35 to 40 min. in moderately hot oven (425°). If desired, pour 1 tbsp. brandy flavoring through slits of top crust 5 min. before baking time is up. Simply luscious! Inexpensive, too. Serve while warm—fruit darkens on standing.

• • •

ACTIVE YOUNGSTERS . . . hungry husband? Why not serve steaming big bowls of green split pea soup? Now it takes only 5 minutes instead of *hours* . . . to make green split pea soup with that simmered-in goodness. Simply add one package labelled "Betty Crocker Split Pea Soup Ingredients" to 3 cups boiling water. Cook rapidly 5 minutes, stirring frequently.

Main-dish Variations: Add thin slices of ham or frankfurters to pea soup. Or make with half milk, half water, and 4 tbsp. grated American cheese. Other tasty tips on package.

You'll be delighted with the old-time hickory-smoked flavor of our Green Split Pea Soup. Only choice split green peas used. Pre-cooked for you . . . and seasoned to perfection. 4 to 6 servings from a package. Why not keep several on hand?



Winter Breakfast Tip: Start off with sparkling glasses of Cranberry-Orange Juice. And to help your family face the wintry blasts, follow with big bowls of Wheaties and top milk. Let each pour out exactly the amount he wants. With ready-to-eat Wheaties, you don't have to waste one delicious golden flake! Wheaties are flakes of 100% whole wheat, you know, with all of whole wheat's vitamins and minerals. Good proteins. Lots of food energy.

After serving, fold waxed wrapper tightly inside box—to keep rest of Wheaties crisp and fresh. Why not include Wheaties on your breakfast menu often?

Betty Crocker of General Mills

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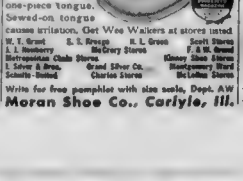

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The Epicure

DELICIOUS RICE DISHES

By ENZO MASCHERINI

ANYONE who does a lot of singing is bound to be somewhat nervous and any kind of nervous condition is apt to affect the stomach. Since opera singers travel a great deal and under somewhat adverse circumstances, I have found that it is a good idea to know how to cook a few simple dishes properly.

Ever since I was in the East several years ago, I have developed a passion for rice. My wife, in fact says that, like the Chinese, I could live on rice alone. I like rice as a first course, as part of the entree along with the meat course, and also as a dessert.

Handsome Baritone Enzo Mascherini Is Married to Concert Pianist Ada Biagini. He Has a Hobby of Collecting Watches and Owns Over 400 of Them.

Rice Marino Style

Place a large onion in a casserole with a little olive oil and allow it to fry slowly. From time to time add a tablespoonful of water so that the mixture can cook without burning.

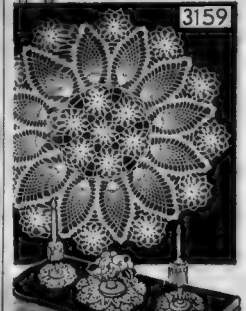
When the onion is slightly blond looking, place in the casserole eight anchovies well mashed. Then with a wooden spoon, press the anchovies until they have been beaten to a pulp. Add two tablespoonfuls of thick tomato sauce; a little water, and while this is cooking add three tablespoons of parsley and one of finely-chopped celery.

When the sauce has thickened, place in casserole one pound of rice and a half glass of white wine. When the rice looks fairly dry, cover it with water. Add a little salt from time to time and when the rice is well cooked, sprinkle it with parmesan cheese.

Rice With Fruit

Wash half a pound of rice, tie it in a piece of white cloth allowing enough space so that the rice can swell. Place in cold water and boil one hour. Untie the cloth and add two pounds of apples, which have been peeled and cut into small pieces. Tie again very tightly and place in the water. After this has boiled for an hour remove from wrapping. Serve with sugar and cream.

Easy-to-Make



3852 — Smart classic with new details . . . squared lower armhole, deep cuffs, soft skirt pleats. Sizes 12-20; 40. Size 16, 2⅝ yds. 54-inch.

3133—Enhance your linens with this old-fashioned girl in embroidery and filet crochet. Transfer of a 6x20, two 5 x 11½ inch; crochet directions.

3159—Delicate web doily in pineapple design; flower medallions form center. Lovely for sets and single doilies.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZE, STYLE NUMBERS, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MOM!!! I'M WORRIED ABOUT JUNIOR...

HE WANTS A TUNA SANDWICH IN HIS LUNCH EVERY DAY... IS THAT GOOD FOR A GROWING BOY?

DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT

TUNA'S ONE OF THE VERY BEST THINGS HE CAN EAT

It's a healthy sign when youngsters want more and more tuna, either in sandwiches or in scores of other tasty tuna dishes. For tuna (especially these famous **quality** brands) is rich in protein, contains vitamins "A" and "D," minerals and other vital food elements needed for growth, energy and good health. It also contains iodine, effective preventive of nutritional goitre. So, serve tuna often **...both hot and cold!**

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC
Terminal Island, California

with plunging neckline—

"Inter-lude"

BRASSIERES BY

Maiden Form

Trust Maiden Form to know that smart low-cut dresses need brassieres which are deep V-shaped in front! Here's that plunging line, in "Inter-Lude," one of Maiden Form's most popular designs for average bosoms. Tearose or White, $1.50

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Send for free Style Folders: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York 16, N. Y.

Christmas SUGGESTIONS

By Sally Young

CHRISTMAS isn't far away and, since cosmetics are always favorite and appropriate gifts, we thought you'd be interested in knowing that there are any number of new lipsticks — new both in shape and color. There is a queen-sized one — a full three and a half inches long — a perfect evening bag accessory for this gay partying season.

There are lipstick and brush combinations that make nice gifts. In one of these, the brush comes out automatically as you remove the cap. Very handy.

And consider a packaged set of four lipsticks, color-keyed to complexion type — for blonde, brunette, medium brown, red hair and silver-gray. Each metal lipstick case is banded with the colors of the costume with which it should be worn. No guesswork here.

Compacts

COMPACTS are always welcome gifts, and this year there seems to be a wider and more wonderful selection than ever. Favorite, undoubtedly, will be a plain gold square, personalized with the receiver's name. Cigarette cases are made to match compacts.

Double compacts are available again, too. They come equipped with dry rouge, and a spill-proof compartment for loose powder.

And then there are gift sets, dressed in holiday finery, containing perfume, matching toiletries and make-up accessories. You can go hog-wild on the price of these, or stay within a very careful budget.

Manicure sets are around again, too. One very de luxe set I saw had 14-karat gold-plated implements in a pigskin case.

Brushes

BRUSHES of all sizes and shapes make usable presents. There are sets for the downy-haired baby as well as for Pop. One well-thought-out zippered pouch contains a strong-bristled nylon brush, comb and clothes brush. Handy for traveling, at the office, week-ends away from home.

Fitted traveling cases are ideal gifts for college girls or the woman traveler. Some are no bigger than handbags and can be worn over the shoulder. Others are roomy enough to hold all week-end necessities. All are fitted with milady's indispensables.

Educational cosmetics — soaps, bubble baths, hair trainer, toothpaste, hand cream — designed for the kiddies, are ideas for the child who has "everything."

For Men Only

THERE are new and handsome super-size shaving lotions and colognes for the men on your gift list. And no need to stop there. For there are manly perfumes, hair lotions, foot sticks, deodorants, handkerchief essences, powder and more — all calculated to civilize the brute.

Perfumes

YOU'LL find many new perfumes on the cosmetic counters this year, as well as many old favorites that were discontinued during the war and just recently revived. All are smartly packaged in flacons, the size and price of which are not out of this world. Unless you know your perfume, it's a good idea to buy from old reliables in the business.

A pleasant part of Christmas shopping for cosmetics is the "looking" part. Cosmetics are so beautifully packaged. No need to add anything before giving.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

BEAUTY

- ☐ (1) Skin Care
- ☐ (2) Teen-Age Beauty Guide
- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
- ☐ (4) How to Trim Your Figure
- ☐ (5) A Guide to Shapely Legs
- ☐ (6) For Beautiful Hair
- ☐ (7) Hand Care
- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
- ☐ (9) Lose or Gain by Exercise
- ☐ (10) Banish Superfluous Hair
- ☐ (11) Face, Throat and Neck Massage
- ☐ (12) Hair Styles for You

that Always-Fresh look

with Woodbury Cold Cream

VIRGINIA MAYO
co-stars in Samuel Goldwyn's Comedy
"THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY"
in Technicolor

"Keep skin always beauty-clean with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Virginia. "It cleanses so clean, skin glows Always-Fresh! Looks Woodbury Wonderful!"

YES . . . Woodbury's rich oils cleanse deep leave skin clear-clean. Four special softening ingredients to smooth skin . . . silky-soft! Get beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream.

In this issue Doris Fanison tells how to make last year's clothes meet this season's new fashions.

Hollywood Technique DARKENS GRAY HAIR

Makes you look years younger!

If streaked, gray or dull hair makes you look old, add natural-like color gradually just by grooming your hair with Herbold Pomade. Not greasy—but a clean stainless dressing, when applied into hair with fingertips, makes it lustrous and gradually darkens it to a youthful-looking color. Will not interfere with permanent. Men, women, from coast to coast, tell how much younger they look after using it.

HERBOLD POMADE *Must Add Youthful-Looking Color to Gray, Streaked, Dull Hair — to your Absolute Satisfaction or . . .* YOUR MONEY BACK!

Use to condition and groom your hair. Watch your gray, streaked, dull hair grow darker. Unless satisfied that you look younger and your hair is in better condition, you get your money back! At Drug Stores or send $1.25 to Herbold Laboratory, Hollywood 46, Calif.

"Pin-up Beauty starts with your hair!"

—says Walter Thornton

CREATOR OF THE "PIN-UP GIRL"

"The most perfect features in the world mean nothing if the girl's hair is dried out, dull, or frizzy. That's why I am so careful about the shampoos my pin-up girls use. I insist they avoid harsh, tricky kinds. They may dry out hair, leave it ugly and lifeless.

"I urge them to use a fine non-drying shampoo. Its name is Laco Shampoo. It leaves the hair shimmering soft and gleaming with shining highlights. It is *the* 'photogenic' shampoo for pin-up girls."

Take a tip from this world-famous beauty expert! Try Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo on your hair. See the glamorous difference! Pure olive oil is its principal ingredient, blended with just enough coconut oil and castor oil to give you thorough cleansing, easy rinsing. Waves set softer, last longer, too! At toiletry counters everywhere.

Laco GENUINE CASTILE Shampoo

The Pin-Up Girls' Shampoo!

PLANTERS *Gift* TO YOU!

32-Page Coloring Book

MR. PEANUT
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

SEND NO MONEY!

Polly and Peter—and MR. PEANUT—bring you fun galore in this new Jolly Time Paint Book. There's a new story to read. Pictures to color. 32 big pages. And just think—it's a gift to you from PLANTERS! It can't be bought in any store. You just buy ten bags of PLANTERS PEANUTS and eat the peanuts. That's the *best* part! Then send us the ten empty bags with your name and address, and we'll send you the book postage-paid. If you'd rather, you may send ten outside wrappers from that good PLANTERS Peanut Candy JUMBO BLOCK—or three labels from delicious PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER. Just print your name and address carefully, attach the ten empty bags or ten wrappers or three labels, and mail to PLANTERS PEANUTS, Dept. 20, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Ask your Dad and your Mom to help you get this fine big Paint Book.

PLANTERS PEANUT BUTTER . . . Homogenized just right for smooth, creamy goodness. Rich in vitamins, protein, minerals. The peanut-butter with the true peanut taste.

PLANTERS PEANUTS . . . America's Nickel Lunch!* A nourishing picker-up between meals; an all-time favorite. The fastest selling peanuts in the world!

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PLANTERS JUMBO BLOCK . . . Pure, delicious peanut candy made with famous PLANTERS PEANUTS! M-m-m, it's good!

8 Oz. Can

FOR PARENTS! Just ahead are the happy, carefree Christmas holidays. Parties, dinners, friends dropping in. Be sure you have on hand several cans of those wonderful PLANTERS COCKTAIL SALTED PEANUTS. Always a hit! They're vacuum-packed right out of the oven. Fresh—Fresh—FRESH.

PLANTERS IS THE WORD FOR PEANUTS

Worried about
"YOUR BOY?"

DOES
ALCOHOLIC EXCESS
STAND BETWEEN HIM AND HAPPINESS?

Then why not try the Portal System. It is generally accepted in the medical field that alcoholism is a disease and should be treated as such. And few would disagree that anything which benefits a sizeable number of people is at least worthy of being tried by others. The Portal System tends to lessen the more acute symptoms of alcoholism and to put the sufferer in better position to help himself. The formula has been used extensively in the United States and Canada for 40 years and has established an outstanding record of accomplishment.

THE PORTAL SYSTEM
IS A HOME METHOD

It does not interfere with daily routine. A small vial containing the daily amount can be carried in pocket or purse and no one else need know or be any the wiser. The benefits of this system are attested by hundreds of people who have written voluntary and unsolicited letters, all on file in our office. Many of these letters, together with full descriptions of this system and how to use it, are contained in the Portal Booklet which will be sent free to you on request.

We do not claim infallibility for this system or that it will help everyone, but we do offer this: If at the end of the prescribed period, you are not fully satisfied with the results, your full purchase price will be refunded at once and without question.

PORTAL SUPPLY CO., 1210 Majestic Bldg. Dept. AB-2, Detroit 26, Michigan

Without obligation, send me your booklet on the Portal System in a plain envelope.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

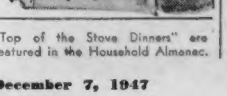
Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD SORE THROAT BRONCHIAL IRRITATION — The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice relieves cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness due to chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore throat.

SIMPLE SPRAIN, BRUISE SORE MUSCLES BOILS — Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the *moist heat* go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

The *moist heat* of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff, aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING in tube or can at your drug store NOW.

Antiphlogistine
MEDICATED POULTICE-DRESSING
The White Package with the Orange Band



"Top of the Stove Dinners" are featured in the Household Almanac.

Last Year's Clothes THIS YEAR'S STYLE

By Doris Denison

FOUR or five inches, as most of us have come to realize somewhat painfully, may mean the difference between a discarded dress and one which can be worn another year or two.

You can put the "new-look" stamp on your wardrobe by sitting down at your sewing machine and making a few smart adjustments. If you are not an experienced seamstress, drop into your local sewing center for a few lessons.

Lowering Hems

FOR accuracy, remember that it is important when you're marking a hem to stand in a natural, erect position, and wear the shoes you are likely to wear with the particular dress or skirt. Use a skirt marker to make sure your dress will hang evenly all the way around.

Your height, weight, and figure are important factors to consider in deciding on skirt length. If you are short, you will look a little taller in a skirt which is slightly longer than average. If you are plump, wear a longer skirt with a slight flare near the hem.

Facings

IF YOU are not lucky enough to have ample hem allowance to turn under, you must, of course, use a facing. It is no longer necessary to cut these out yourself, they can be purchased ready-made in a variety of colors. A facing adds weight to the hem and helps it to hang properly.

If the hem still isn't long enough, you can add extra inches by placing a yoke or a sewn-in belt at the waist.

Grosgrain ribbon is handy for this purpose. Or you can add a contrasting band of material to the hem or even midway between waist and hemline. This looks best with a flared skirt.

Old Hemlines

AN IMPORTANT step in doing a good lengthening job is to treat the old hemline so it will not show. If the material is not worn at this point, the crease can be steam-pressed out. A specially treated pressing cloth is on the market which makes this an easy job. It can be used on all types of fabrics from wool to silk and will not water-spot the fabric.

If the crease from the old hem is frayed with wear or worn on the edge, no amount of pressing will improve it. In such a case, several rows of stitching will conceal the old line and serve as trimming for the skirt.

The best way to add a lot of length to a pleated skirt is to drop it from the waist by attaching it to a 6-inch yoke.

Slips

WHILE you're lengthening your dress and skirt hems, you'll discover that the slips that seemed so long last year aren't nearly long enough this year. Ruffling, net embroidery, or lace sewed around the bottom is an easy way to add length.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 383, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

HOUSEHOLD

- ☐ (21) Electric Equipment Care
- ☐ (22) Easy Laundering
- ☐ (23) Sewing for the Nursery
- ☐ (24) How to Braid a Rag Rug
- ☐ (25) It's Fun to Redecorate
- ☐ (26) Streamline Closets
- ☐ (27) Make Your Own Rugs
- ☐ (28) Dressing Table Covers
- ☐ (29) Dining Room Leaflets
- ☐ (30) Sew Right
- ☐ (31) How to Make Lampshades

Stop Cutting Hands on Tin Cans!
GET THIS SAFE *"Plier Grip"*
FLINT CAN OPENER
You can't hurt your hands because they don't touch the can

TENITE "S"-SHAPED HANDLE EASY TO TURN
Takes can out of hot water
Holds can while you turn handle
"COMET TAIL" DRIVE GEAR FOR CUTTING FASTER, EASIER
CUTTING WHEEL TOUGH AS TOOL STEEL
BUMPERS KEEP HANDLES FROM PINCHING
HEAVY STEEL WOBBLE-PROOF CONSTRUCTION
NO JAGGED EDGES
TURNS EDGE DOWN

No Mail Orders

Throw away your old can opener and get this new safe "Plier Grip" Flint* Can Opener.

If you have a child in your home—then you must get one today!

Note all the improved features. Particularly the new "comet tail" driving gear—designed to grip the can better; to turn faster.

Look at the cutting wheel—carbonized tough as tool steel to pierce the tin like butter.

Get this new, safe "PlierGrip" Flint Can Opener today at any department or hardware store. You'll be glad you did.

THROW AWAY YOUR OLD CAN OPENER AND GET SAFE FLINT "PLIER GRIP" TODAY. $1.50

EKCO

FLINT CAN OPENER
Precision Made by EKCO

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ONLY **$6.98**

ALL SIZES!
9-17
14-20
38-44

COLORS
GRAY, GREEN, BLUE, BROWN BLACK OR NAVY WITH CONTRASTING STRIPES

fabulous value!

Just look at this marvelous two-piece suit—then look again at the astounding Broadway Fashions price! Only $6.98! "Unbelievable" you'll say—for that's what everyone says! Beautifully tailored new longer jacket with softly rolled collar, important looking pocket flaps. Gored skirt with zipper closing. Crisp spun rayon. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17; 14-16-18-20; 38-40-42-44. Rush coupon. We mail immediately.

SEND NO MONEY

Broadway Fashions Dept., 20-87
599 Broadway, New York 12, N.Y.

Size	1st Color Choice	Second Color Choice	5028

Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman $6.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. Do not send cash. No C.O.D.'s in Canada.

(print)
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____

SENT ON APPROVAL

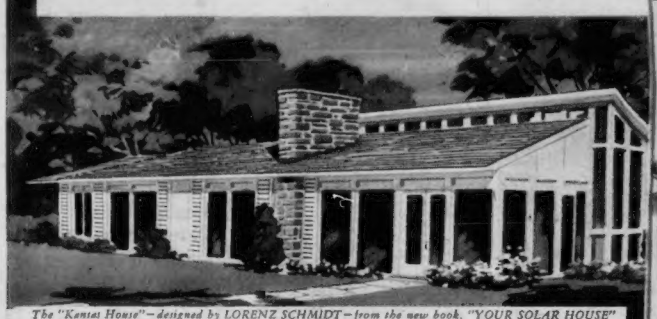
order direct by mail from *Broadway Fashions* 599 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 12, NEW YORK

For XMAS, WIN a 6 Room Solar $15,000 HOME

and $2,500 CASH FOR LOT, LANDSCAPING AND OTHER FEATURES

—in the Sensational

EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR CONTEST!



The "Kansas House"—designed by LORENZ SCHMIDT—from the new book, "YOUR SOLAR HOUSE"

Wives, sweethearts! This is your contest, too!

Here is your opportunity to win this beautiful $15,000.00 *Solar* home, plus $2500.00 cash to pay for lot, landscaping and other features!

This is one of the modern SOLAR homes, designed with the famous *Thermopane* insulating glass that uses the sun's rays to help keep the home *warmer* in winter . . . and *cooler* in summer. 48 models designed for LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY by America's foremost architects! Winner will receive the model especially designed for his state.

Ladies, this is *your* contest, too! Buy your favorite man the Eversharp Schick Injector Razor for Xmas! Or buy the $5.00 gold-plated model . . . or the new SCHICK Women's Fashion Razor for $3.95. Send your entry Now!

HOW TO ENTER! WIN A PRIZE FOR XMAS!

Simply finish this sentence in 25 words or less—***"I like the Eversharp Schick Injector Razor best because . . ."***

Buy the Eversharp Schick Injector Razor with 20 blades for only $1.25 (regular price $1.75). With your entry send your name and address, and the printed instruction sheet which comes with the razor. Address: Eversharp Contest, P. O. 189, New York 8, N. Y.

Try it—

World's Only Razor With Automatic Blade Changer!

Stop trying different makes of blades in your old fashioned razor! For smoother, more comfortable shaves, switch to a really different and modern *razor*—the *Eversharp Schick Injector!*

Man, what a difference! No blades to unwrap. Nothing to take apart. Just push-pull-click-click . . . out pops the old blade—in goes a new blade—*automatically!* It's 50% faster! 100% safer! 200% smoother! World's easiest razor to clean—just rinse, shake, put away!

An Ideal Christmas Gift! Buy several—for dad, sweetheart, brother—for yourself! The more times you enter, the better your chances of winning! Get the Eversharp Schick Injector Razor and 20 blades today. $1.25 complete! Mail your entry right away!

Buy it!

Razor $1.00
20 Blades .. .75
TOTAL $1.75

SPECIAL
$1.25 WITH 20 BLADES

Names of principle winners of this contest will be announced in the American Weekly at a later date.

OVER 1,000 GREAT PRIZES!
Total Value over $40,000

2nd Prize!
BUICK SUPER CONVERTIBLE COUPE
Latest Model

3rd Prize!
$4000.00
Paris Designed · Natural Wild
MINK COAT
I. J. FOX
World's Greatest Name in Furs

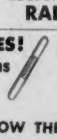
4th Prize!
RCA VICTOR TELEVISION CONSOLE
$450 Model

100—5th Prizes!
100 Sets (4 Tires each)
B.F. Goodrich PASSENGER CAR TIRES
"The Tires That Outwear Prewar Tires"

100—6th Prizes!
100 gold-filled 17-Jewel (Men's or Ladies')
WALTHAM WATCHES
"First American Watch"
As Nationally Advertised $47.50 each

100—7th Prizes!
100 RCA VICTOR Table Model RADIOS $34.95 each

400-8th PRIZES!
400 Kimberly Pens by Eversharp
$7.50 Value



300-9th PRIZES!
300 STREAMLITER Cigarette Lighters
$2.50 Value

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Complete this sentence: *"I like the Eversharp Schick Injector Razor best because . . ."* in 25 additional words or less. Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address. Enter as often as you wish. All entries must be the original work of the contestants and submitted in their own names.

2. Mail your entries to:—**Eversharp Contest, P. O. Box 189, New York 8, New York.**
With each entry enclose printed instruction sheet which comes with the Schick Injector Razor or the new SCHICK Women's Fashion Razor.

3. Any resident of continental United States may compete except employees of Eversharp, their advertising and publicity agencies and their families. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and local regulations.

4. Contest starts November 10; closes midnight December 13 *in New York.* All entries must be *received* not later than midnight December 13, 1947. Grand prize winner will be announced Christmas Eve over Eversharp's radio program, "The Henry Morgan Show."

5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of tie. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Eversharp.

6. The winner of the Grand Prize must provide lot and construction "go ahead" no later than 90 days after the date of announcement letter to winner. The winner must accept the model designed for his state.

7. All winners will be notified by mail or telegram. Winners lists will be available on request approximately one month after close of contest.

CONTEST PRIZES

1st Prize—Six Room Solar $15,000 Home and $2,500 cash for lot, landscaping and other features. **2nd Prize**—Buick Super Convertible Coupe. **3rd Prize**—$4,000 Natural Wild Mink Coat. **4th Prize**—RCA Television set, retail value $450. **100—5th Prizes**—Four B. F. Goodrich passenger car tires. **100—6th Prizes**—17-Jewel (Men's or ladies') Waltham Watches. **100—7th Prizes**—RCA Table Model Radios. **400—8th Prizes**—Kimberly Pens by Eversharp. **300—9th Prizes**—Streamliter Cigarette Lighters.

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EVERSHARP SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR